This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

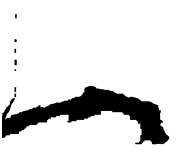
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

ARIES
469 1

by her grandaughter
FLORENCE N. LEVY
January 1, 1940

BYU
NCM
v.3



MISCELLAN

BY

LORD BYR

IN THREE VOLUME

VOL. III.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEM

MDCCCXXXVI

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
28580B
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
B 1939 L

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

OCCASIONAL PIECES:

1807—1824.

	Page
The Adieu. Written under the Impression that the Author would soon die	3
To a vain Lady	7
To Anne	9
To the Same	10
To the Author of a Sonnet beginning, "Sad is my Verse, you say, and yet no Tear"	11
On finding a Fan	12
Farewell to the Muse	13
To an Oak at Newstead	14
On revisiting Harrow	16
Epitaph on John Adams, of Southwell, a Carrier, who died of Drunkenness	17
To my Son	18
Farewell! if ever fondest Prayer	19
Bright be the Place of thy Soul	20
When we two parted	21
To a youthful Friend	22
Lines inscribed upon a Cup formed from a Skull	25
Well! thou art happy!	27

	Page
Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog	28
To a Lady, on being asked my Reason for quitting England in the Spring	30
Remind me not, remind me not	31
There was a Time, I need not name	33
And wilt thou weep when I am low?	34
Fill the Goblet again. A Song	36
Stanzas to a Lady, on leaving England	38
Lines to Mr. Hodgson. Written on board the Lisbon Packet	41
Lines written in an Album at Malta	44
To Florence	*ib.*
Stanzas composed during a Thunder Storm	47
Stanzas written in passing the Ambracian Gulf	50
The Spell is broke, the Charm is flown!	51
Written after swimming from Sestos to Abydos	*ib.*
Lines in the Travellers' Book at Archomenus	53
Maid of Athens! ere we part	54
Translation of the Nurses' Dole in the Medea of Euripides	56
My Epitaph	57
Substitute for an Epitaph	*ib.*
Lines written beneath a Picture	*ib.*
Translation of the famous Greek War Song, "Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων"	59
Translation of the Romaic Song, "Μονὰ μὲς 'στ' ἀγριοβόλι," &c.	61
On Parting	62
Epitaph for Joseph Blackett, late Poet and Shoemaker	63
Farewell to Malta	64
To Dives. A Fragment	66
On Moore's last operatic Farce, or farcical Opera	67
Epistle to a Friend, in answer to some Lines exhorting the Author to be cheerful, and to "banish care"	*ib.*
To Thyrza. "Without a Stone," &c.	70
Stanzas. "Away, away! ye Notes of Woe"	73
Stanzas. "One struggle more, and I am free"	74

Page
Euthanasia. "When Time," &c. - - 76
Stanzas. "And thou art dead, as young as fair" - - 78
Stanzas. "If sometimes in the Haunts of Men" - - 80
On a Cornelian Heart, which was broken - - 82
Lines from the French - - - - *ib.*
Lines to a Lady weeping - - - - - 83
"The Chain I gave," &c. From the Turkish - - - 84
Lines written on a blank Leaf of "The Pleasures of Memory" - - - - - 85
Address, spoken at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, Saturday, October 10. 1812 - - - 86
Parenthetical Address, by Dr. Plagiary - - 90
Verses found in a Summer House at Hales-Owen - 92
Remember thee! remember thee! - - - 92
To Time - - - - - *ib.*
Translation of a Romaic Love Song - - - 95
Stanzas. "Thou art not false, but thou art fickle" - 97
On being asked, what was the "Origin of Love" - 98
Stanzas. "Remember him, whom Passion's Power" - *ib.*
On Lord Thurlow's Poems - - - 100
To Lord Thurlow - - - - 101
To Thomas Moore. Written the Evening before his visit to Mr. Leigh Hunt in Horsemonger-Lane Gaol, May 19. 1813 - - - - - 102
Impromptu. "When from the Heart where Sorrow sits" - 103
Sonnet, to Genevra - - - - 104
Sonnet, to the Same - - - - 105
From the Portuguese. "Tu mi Chamas." - - *ib.*
The Devil's Drive; an unfinished Rhapsody - - 106
Windsor Poetics. Lines composed on the occasion of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent being seen standing between the Coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I., in the Royal Vault at Windsor - - - 110
Stanzas for Music. "I speak not," &c. - - *ib.*
Address intended to be recited at the Caledonian Meeting 111
Fragment of an Epistle to Thomas Moore - - 113

Page

Condolatory Address to Sarah, Countess of Jersey, on the Regent's returning her Picture to Mrs Mee - 11
To Belshazzar - - - - - 11
Elegiac Stanzas on the Death of Sir Peter Parker, Bart. - 11
Stanzas for Music. "There's not a Joy," &c. - - 11
Stanzas for Music. "There be none of Beauty's Daughters," &c. - - - - - 11
On Napoleon's Escape from Elba - - - 4
Ode from the French. "We do not curse thee, Waterloo." 11
From the French. "Must thou go, my glorious Chief?" 11
On the Star of "the Legion of Honour." From the French - - - - - 11
Napoleon's Farewell. From the French - - 11
Endorsement to the Deed of Separation, in the April of 1816 - - - - - - 11
DOMESTIC PIECES: 1816. - - - - 11
Fare thee Well - - - - - 11
A Sketch - - - - - 11
Stanzas to Augusta. "When all around," &c. - 14
Stanzas to the Same. "Though the Day of my Destiny 's over," &c. - - - - 14
Epistle to the Same. "My Sister, my sweet Sister." - 14
Lines on hearing that Lady Byron was ill - - 15
MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN, spoken at Drury Lane Theatre - - 15
THE DREAM - - - - - 16
DARKNESS - - - - - - 17
Churchill's Grave; a Fact literally rendered - - 17
Prometheus - - - - - 17
A Fragment. "Could I remount," &c. - - 17
Sonnet to Lake Leman - - - - 18
Romance muy Doloroso del Sitio y Toma de Alhama - 18
A very mournful Ballad on the Siege and Conquest of Alhama - - - - - 18
Sonetto di Vittorelli. Per Monaca - - 19

Page

Translation from Vittorelli. On a Nun - - - 193
Stanzas for Music. "Bright be the Place of thy Soul," &c. 194
Stanzas for Music. "They say that Hope," &c. - *ib.*
To Thomas Moore. "My Boat is on the Shore," &c. - 196
On the Bust of Helen by Canova - - - 196
Song for the Luddites - - - - 197
So we'll go no more a roving - - - *ib.*
To Thomas Moore. "What are you doing now," &c. - 198
Versicles - - - - - 199
To Mr. Murray. "To hook the Reader," &c. - *ib.*
THE LAMENT OF TASSO - - - - 201
Epistle from Mr. Murray to Dr. Polidori - - 215
Epistle to Mr. Murray. "My dear Mr. Murray," &c. - 217
To Mr. Murray. "Strahan, Tonson, Lintot," &c. - 219
On the Birth of John William Rizzo Hoppner - - 220
ODE ON VENICE - - - - - 222
Stanzas to the Po - - - - 227
Sonnet to George IV. on the Repeal of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's Forfeiture - - - - 230
Epigram, from the French of Rulhières - - 231
Stanzas. "Could Love for ever," &c. - - *ib.*
On my Wedding Day - - - - 234
Epitaph for William Pitt - - - - 235
Epigram. "In digging up your Bones," &c. - - *ib.*
FRANCESCA DA RIMINI - - - - 236
Stanzas. "When a Man hath no Freedom," &c. - 244
Epigram. "The World is a Bundle of Hay," &c. - 245
The Charity Ball - - - - *ib.*
Epigram on my Wedding Day. To Penelope - - 246
On my Thirty-third Birth Day - - - *ib.*
Epigram on the Braziers' Company having resolved to present an Address to Queen Caroline - - 247
Martial, Lib. I. Epist. I. - - - - *ib.*
Bowles and Campbell - - - - 248
Epigrams on Castlereagh - - - *ib.*
Epitaph on the Same - - - - 249

Page
John Keats - - - - - - 249
The Conquest. A Fragment - - - - - *ib.*
To Mr. Murray. " For Orford and for Waldegrave," &c. 250
The Irish Avatar . - - - - 251
Stanzas written on the Road between Florence and Pisa - 257
Stanzas to a Hindoo Air - - - - - 258
Impromptu - - - - - - 259
To the Countess of Blessington - - - 260
Stanzas inscribed—" On this Day I completed my Thirty-sixth Year " - - - - - 261
APPENDIX - - - - - - 263

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

1807—1824.

VOL. III.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

1807—1824.

THE ADIEU.

WRITTEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE AUTHOR WOULD SOON DIE.

Adieu, thou Hill![1] where early joy
Spread roses o'er my brow;
Where Science seeks each loitering boy
With knowledge to endow.
Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,
Partners of former bliss or woes;
No more through Ida's paths we stray;
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
Whose ever slumbering inmates dwell
Unconscious of the day.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
Ye spires of Granta's vale,
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,
And Melancholy pale.

[1] Harrow.

Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
Ye tenants of the classic bower,
On Cama's verdant margin placed,
Adieu! while memory still is mine,
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effaced.

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
Where grew my youthful years;
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime
His giant summit rears.
Why did my childhood wander forth
From you, ye regions of the North,
With sons of pride to roam?
Why did I quit my Highland cave,
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
To seek a Sotheron home?

Hall of my Sires! a long farewell —
Yet why to thee adieu?
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
Thy towers my tomb will view:
The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,
And former glories of thy Hall,[1]
Forgets its wonted simple note —
But yet the Lyre retains the strings,
And sometimes, on Æolian wings,
In dying strains may float.

Fields, which surround yon rustic cot,
While yet I linger here,
Adieu! you are not now forgot,
To retrospection dear.

[1] [See Vol. I. pp. 15. 113.]

Streamlet![1] along whose rippling surge
My youthful limbs were wont to urge,
At noontide heat, their pliant course;
Plunging with ardour from the shore,
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,
Deprived of active force.

And shall I here forget the scene,
Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks rise and rivers roll between
The spot which passion blest;
Yet Mary,[2] all thy beauties seem
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,
To me in smiles display'd;
Till slow disease resigns his prey
To Death, the parent of decay,
Thine image cannot fade.

And thou, my Friend![3] whose gentle love
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
How much thy friendship was above
Description's power of words!
Still near my breast thy gift I wear
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,
Of Love the pure, the sacred gem;
Our souls were equal, and our lot
In that dear moment quite forgot;
Let Pride alone condemn!

[1] [The river Grete, at Southwell.]

[2] [Mary Duff. See Vol. I. p. 166.]

[3] [Eddlestone, the Cambridge chorister. See Vol. I. p. 95.]

All, all is dark and cheerless now!
No smile of Love's deceit,
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,
Can bid Life's pulses beat:
Not e'en the hope of future fame
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,
Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.
Mine is a short inglorious race,
To humble in the dust my face,
And mingle with the dead.

Oh Fame! thou goddess of my heart;
On him who gains thy praise,
Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,
Consumed in Glory's blaze;
But me she beckons from the earth,
My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,
My life a short and vulgar dream:
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,
My hopes recline within a shroud,
My fate is Lethe's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,
Unheeded in the clay,
Where once my playful footsteps trod,
Where now my head must lay
The meed of Pity will be shed
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,
By nightly skies, and storms alone;
No mortal eye will deign to steep
With tears the dark sepulchral deep
Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven:

There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne;
To Him address thy trembling prayer:
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.

Father of Light! to Thee I call;
My soul is dark within:
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive:
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.

1807. [First published 1832.

TO A VAIN LADY.

Ah, heedless girl! why thus disclose
What ne'er was meant for other ears
Why thus destroy thine own repose
And dig the source of future tears?

Oh, thou wilt weep, imprudent maid,
While lurking envious foes will smile,
For all the follies thou hast said
Of those who spoke but to beguile.

Vain girl! thy ling'ring woes are nigh,
If thou believ'st what striplings say:
Oh, from the deep temptation fly,
Nor fall the specious spoiler's prey.

Dost thou repeat, in childish boast,
The words man utters to deceive?
Thy peace, thy hope, thy all is lost,
If thou canst venture to believe.

While now amongst thy female peers
Thou tell'st again the soothing tale,
Canst thou not mark the rising sneers
Duplicity in vain would veil?

These tales in secret silence hush,
Nor make thyself the public gaze:
What modest maid without a blush
Recounts a flattering coxcomb's praise?

Will not the laughing boy despise
Her who relates each fond conceit —
Who, thinking Heaven is in her eyes,
Yet cannot see the slight deceit?

For she who takes a soft delight
These amorous nothings in revealing,
Must credit all we say or write,
While vanity prevents concealing.

Cease, if you prize your beauty's reign!
No jealousy bids me reprove:
One, who is thus from nature vain,
I pity, but I cannot love.

January 15. 1807. [First published 1832.]

TO ANNE.

Oh, Anne, your offences to me have been grievous:
I thought from my wrath no atonement could save you;
But woman is made to command and deceive us —
I look'd in your face, and I almost forgave you.

I vow'd I could ne'er for a moment respect you,
Yet thought that a day's separation was long:
When we met, I determin'd again to suspect you —
Your smile soon convinced me suspicion was wrong.

I swore, in a transport of young indignation,
With fervent contempt evermore to disdain you:
I saw you — my anger became admiration;
And now, all my wish, all my hope, 's to regain you.

With beauty like yours, oh, how vain the contention!
Thus lowly I sue for forgiveness before you; —
At once to conclude such a fruitless dissension,
Be false, my sweet Anne, when I cease to adore you!

January 16. 1807. [First published 1832.]

THE SAME.

nne, that the Fates have decreed
dores you should wish to dissever;
ne most unkind ones indeed,—
ove and from beauty for ever.

girl, are the Fates which alone
ı fond admiration refrain;
, every wish were o'erthrown,
restore me to rapture again.

in the forest entwined,
mpest united must weather;
were by nature design'd
or to perish together.

t Anne, that the Fates have de-

bid you a lasting adieu:
that his bosom shall bleed,
ence, are centred in you.

1807. [First publish

TO THE AUTHOR OF A SONNET

BEGINNING,

"'SAD IS MY VERSE,' YOU SAY, 'AND YET NO TEAR.'"

THY verse is "sad" enough, no doubt:
A devilish deal more sad than witty!
Why we should weep I can't find out,
Unless for *thee* we weep in pity.

Yet there is one I pity more;
And, much, alas! I think he needs it:
For he, I'm sure, will suffer sore,
Who, to his own misfortune, reads it.

Thy rhymes, without the aid of magic,
May *once* be read — but never after:
Yet their effect 's by no means tragic,
Although by far too dull for laughter.

But would you make our bosoms bleed,
And of no common pang complain —
If you would make us weep indeed,
Tell us, you 'll read them o'er again.

March 8. 1807. [First published 1832.]

ON FINDING A FAN.

In one who felt as once he felt,
  This might, perhaps, have fann'd the flame;
But now his heart no more will melt,
  Because that heart is not the same.

As when the ebbing flames are low,
  The aid which once improved their light,
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
  Now quenches all their blaze in night.

Thus has it been with passion's fires —
  As many a boy and girl remembers —
While every hope of love expires,
  Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

The *first*, though not a spark survive,
  Some careful hand may teach to burn;
The *last*, alas! can ne'er survive;
  No touch can bid its warmth return.

Or, if it chance to wake again,
  Not always doom'd its heat to smother,
It sheds (so wayward fates ordain)
  Its former warmth around another.

1807. [First published 1832.]

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

Thou Power! who hast ruled me through infancy's
days,
Young offspring of Fancy, 't is time we should part;
Then rise on the gale this the last of my lays,
The coldest effusion which springs from my heart.

This bosom, responsive to rapture no more,
Shall hush thy wild notes, nor implore thee to sing;
The feelings of childhood, which taught thee to soar,
Are wafted far distant on Apathy's wing.

Though simple the themes of my rude flowing Lyre,
Yet even these themes are departed for ever;
No more beam the eyes which my dream could inspire,
My visions are flown, to return, — alas, never!

When drain'd is the nectar which gladdens the bowl,
How vain is the effort delight to prolong!
When cold is the beauty which dwelt in my soul,
What magic of Fancy can lengthen my song?

Can the lips sing of Love in the desert alone,
Of kisses and smiles which they now must resign?
Or dwell with delight on the hours that are flown?
Ah, no! for those hours can no longer be mine.

Can they speak of the friends that I lived but to love?
Ah, surely affection ennobles the strain!
But how can my numbers in sympathy move,
When I scarcely can hope to behold them again?

Can I sing of the deeds which my Fathers have done,
And raise my loud harp to the fame of my Sires?
For glories like theirs, oh, how faint is my tone!
For Heroes' exploits how unequal my fires!

Untouch'd, then, my Lyre shall reply to the blast —
'T is hush'd; and my feeble endeavours are o'er;
And those who have heard it will pardon the past,
When they know that its murmurs shall vibrate no more.

And soon shall its wild erring notes be forgot,
Since early affection and love is o'ercast:
Oh! blest had my fate been, and happy my lot,
Had the first strain of love been the dearest, the last.

Farewell, my young Muse! since we now can ne'er meet;
If our songs have been languid, they surely are few:
Let us hope that the present at least will be sweet —
The present — which seals our eternal Adieu.

1807. [First published 1832.]

TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD.[1]

Young Oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

[1] [Lord Byron, on his first arrival at Newstead, in 1798, planted an oak in the garden, and nourished the fancy, that as the tree flourished so should he. On revisiting the abbey, during Lord Grey de Ruthven's residence there, he found the oak choked up

Such, such was my hope, when in infancy's years,
  On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee with pride:
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears,—
  Thy decay, not the weeds that surround thee can hide.

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal hour,
  A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire;
Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power,
  But his, whose neglect may have bade thee expire.

Oh! hardy thou wert — even now little care
  Might revive thy young head, and thy wounds gently heal:
But thou wert not fated affection to share —
  For who could suppose that a Stranger would feel?

Ah, droop not, my Oak! lift thy head for a while;
  Ere twice round yon Glory this planet shall run,
The hand of thy Master will teach thee to smile,
  When Infancy's years of probation are done.

Oh, live then, my Oak! tow'r aloft from the weeds,
  That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,
For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,
  And still may thy branches their beauty display.

---

by weeds, and almost destroyed; — hence these lines. Shortly after Colonel Wildman, the present proprietor, took possession, he one day noticed it, and said to the servant who was with him, "Here is a fine young oak; but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place." — "I hope not, sir," replied the man; "for it 's the one that my lord was so fond of, because he set it himself." The Colonel has, of course, taken every possible care of it. It is already inquired after by strangers, as "THE BYRON OAK," and promises to share, in after times, the celebrity of Shakspeare's mulberry, and Pope's willow.]

Oh! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,
Though *I* shall lie low in the cavern of death,
On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine,
Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave
O'er the corse of thy lord in thy canopy laid;
While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave,
The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this spot,
He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread.
Oh! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot:
Remembrance still hallows the dust of the dead.

And here, will they say, when in life's glowing prime,
Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young simple lay,
And here must he sleep, till the moments of time
Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day.

1807. [First published 1832.]

ON REVISITING HARROW.[1]

Here once engaged the stranger's view
Young Friendship's record simply traced;
Few were her words, — but yet, though few,
Resentment's hand the line defaced.

[1] Some years ago, when at Harrow, a friend of the author engraved on a particular spot the names of both, with a few additional words, as a memorial. Afterwards, on receiving some real or imagined injury, the author destroyed the frail record before he left Harrow. On revisiting the place in 1807, he wrote under it these stanzas.

Deeply she cut — but not erased,
The characters were still so plain,
That Friendship once return'd, and gazed, —
Till Memory hail'd the words again.

Repentance placed them as before;
Forgiveness join'd her gentle name;
So fair the inscription seem'd once more,
That Friendship thought it still the same.

Thus might the Record now have been;
But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavour,
Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between,
And blotted out the line for ever.

September, 1807.

EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL,

A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well;
He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
He could *carry* no more — so was *carried* at last;
For, the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not *carry* off, — so he's now *carri-on.*

September, 1807.

TO MY SON.[1]

THOSE flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,
Bright as thy mother's in their hue;
Those rosy lips, whose dimples play
And smile to steal the heart away,
Recall a scene of former joy,
And touch thy father's heart, my Boy!

And thou canst lisp a father's name —
Ah, William, were thine own the same, —
No self-reproach — but, let me cease —
My care for thee shall purchase peace;
Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,
And pardon all the past, my Boy!

Her lowly grave the turf has prest,
And thou hast known a stranger's breast;
Derision sneers upon thy birth,
And yields thee scarce a name on earth;
Yet shall not these one hope destroy, —
A Father's heart is thine, my Boy!

[1] ["Whether these verses are, in any degree, founded o
have no accurate means of determining. Fond as Lord B
of recording every particular of his youth, such an event,
era, as is here commemorated, would have been, of all o
least likely to pass unmentioned by him; and yet neithe
versation nor in any of his writings do I remember eve
sion to it. On the other hand, so entirely was all that
— making allowance for the embellishments of fancy, -
script of his actual life and feelings, that it is not easy t
oem so full of natural tenderness to have been inde
gin to imagination alone."— MOORE. But see Don
st. 61.]

Why, let the world unfeeling frown,
Must I fond Nature's claim disown?
Ah, no — though moralists reprove,
I hail thee, dearest child of love,
Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy —
A Father guards thy birth, my Boy!

Oh, 't will be sweet in thee to trace,
Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face,
Ere half my glass of life is run,
At once a brother and a son;
And all my wane of years employ
In justice done to thee, my Boy!

Although so young thy heedless sire,
Youth will not damp parental fire;
And, wert thou still less dear to me,
While Helen's form revives in thee,
The breast, which beat to former joy,
Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy!

1807. [First published 1830.]

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For others weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.

'T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh;
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word — Farewell! — Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel;
I only know we loved in vain —
I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell!

1808.

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

Bright be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be:
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest?

1808.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek, and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow —
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me —
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well: —
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met —
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee? —
With silence and tears.

1808.

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.[1]

Few years have pass'd since thou and I
Were firmest friends, at least in name;
And childhood's gay sincerity
Preserved our feelings long the same.

[1] [This copy of verses, and that which follows, originally appeared in the volume published, in 1809, by Mr. (now Sir) Dallas, under the title of "Imitations and Translations, with Original Poems," and bearing the modest epigraph *"Ne hæc novimus esse nihil."*]

But now, like me, too well thou know'st
What trifles oft the heart recall;
And those who once have loved the most
Too soon forget they loved at all.

And such the change the heart displays,
So frail is early friendship's reign,
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,
Will view thy mind estranged again.

If so, it never shall be mine
To mourn the loss of such a heart;
The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,
Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
So human feelings ebb and flow;
And who would in a breast confide
Where stormy passions ever glow?

It boots not that, together bred,
Our childish days were days of joy:
My spring of life has quickly fled;
Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,
Slaves to the specious world's control,
We sigh a long farewell to truth;
That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season! when the mind
Dares all things boldly but to lie;
When thought ere spoke is unconfined,
And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in Man's maturer years,
When Man himself is but a tool;
When interest sways our hopes and fears,
And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools in kindred vice the same,
We learn at length our faults to blend;
And those, and those alone, may claim
The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man:
Can we then 'scape from folly free?
Can we reverse the general plan,
Nor be what all in turn must be?

No; for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been;
Man and the world so much I hate,
I care not when I quit the scene.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,
Wilt shine awhile, and pass away;
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,
But dare not stand the test of day.

Alas! whenever folly calls
Where parasites and princes meet,
(For cherish'd first in royal halls,
The welcome vices kindly greet,)

Ev'n now thou 'rt nightly seen to add
One insect to the fluttering crowd;
And still thy trifling heart is glad
To join the vain and court the proud.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,
Still simpering on with eager haste,
As flies along the gay parterre,
That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame
Which seems, as marshy vapours move,
To flit along from dame to dame,
An ignis-fatuus gleam of love?

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,
Will deign to own a kindred care?
Who will debase his manly mind,
For friendship every fool may share?

In time forbear; amidst the throng
No more so base a thing be seen;
No more so idly pass along;
Be something, any thing, but — mean.

1808.

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL.[1]

START not — nor deem my spirit fled;
In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

[1] [Lord Byron gives the following account of this cup:—"The gardener, in digging, discovered a skull that had probably belonged to some jolly friar or monk of the abbey, about the time it was demonasteried. Observing it to be of giant size, and in a [illegible]

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee:
I died: let earth my bones resign;
Fill up — thou canst not injure me;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of Gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others' let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler subtitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst: another race,
When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce;
Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

---

state of preservation, a strange fancy seized me of having it set and mounted as a drinking cup. I accordingly sent it to town, and it returned with a very high polish, and of a mottled colour like tortoiseshell." It is now in the possession of Colonel Wildman, the proprietor of Newstead Abbey. In several of our elder dramatists, mention is made of the custom of quaffing wine out of similar cups. For example, in Dekker's "Wonder of a Kingdom," Torrent says, —

"Would I had ten thousand soldiers' heads,
Their skulls set all in silver; to drink healths
To his confusion who first invented war."]

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY.[1]

Well! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband 's blest — and 't will impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot:
But let them pass — Oh! how my heart
Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when the unconscious infant smiled,
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it, — and repress'd my sighs
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
While thou art blest I 'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay;
My heart would soon again be thine.

[1] [These lines were printed originally in Mr. Hobhouse's Miscellany. A few days before they were written, the Poet had been invited to dine at Annesley. On the infant daughter of his fair hostess being brought into the room, he started involuntarily, and with the utmost difficulty suppressed his emotion. To the sensations of that moment we are indebted for these beautiful [illegible]

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride,
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all, — save hope, — the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime —
We met, — and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there:
One only feeling could'st thou trace;
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart be still, or break.

November 2. 1808.[1]

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUME' A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.'

When some proud son of man returns to
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,

e sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
d storied urns record who rests below :
ıen all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
t what he was, but what he should have been :
t the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
e first to welcome, foremost to defend,
ıose honest heart is still his master's own,
ıo labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
honour'd falls, unnotic'd all his worth,
nied in heaven the soul he held on earth :
ıile man, vain insect ! hopes to be forgiven,
d claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
based by slavery, or corrupt by power,
ıo knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
graded mass of animated dust !
y love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
y smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !

" Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18. 1808."

ı Byron thus announced the death of his favourite to Mr. gson : — " Boatswain is dead ! — he expired in a state of mad-, on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gen-ss of his nature to the last ; never attempting to do the least y to any one near him. I have now lost every thing except Murray." By the will which he executed in 1811, he directed his own body should be buried in a vault in the garden ne[redacted] aithful dog.]

By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on — it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one, — and here he lies.[1]

Newstead Abbey, November 30. 1808.

TO A LADY,

ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING ENGLAND IN THE SPRING.

When Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
A moment linger'd near the gate,
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes,
He learnt to bear his load of grief;
Just gave a sigh to other times,
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady![2] will it be with me,
And I must view thy charms no more;

[1] [In Mr. Hobhouse's Miscellany, in which the Epitaph was first published, the last line runs thus

"I knew but one unchanged — and here he lies.

The reader will not fail to observe, that this inscription was written at a time when the Poet's early feelings with respect to the lady of Annesley had been painfully revived.]

[2] [In the first copy, "Thus Mary "— (Mrs. Musters). The reader will find a portrait of this lady in Finden's Illustrations of Lord Byron's Works, No. iii.]

For, while I linger near to thee,
I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise,
Escaping from temptation's snare;
I cannot view my paradise
Without the wish of dwelling there. [1]

December 2. 1808.

REMIND ME NOT, REMIND ME NOT.

Remind me not, remind me not,
Of those belov'd, those vanish'd hours,
When all my soul was given to thee;
Hours that may never be forgot,
Till time unnerves our vital powers,
And thou and I shall cease to be.

[1] [In Mr. Hobhouse's volume, the line stood, — "Without a wish to enter there." The following is an extract from an unpublished letter of Lord Byron, written in 1823, only three days previous to his leaving Italy for Greece: — "Miss Chaworth was two years older than myself. She married a man of an ancient and respectable family, but her marriage was not a happier one than my own. Her conduct, however, was irreproachable; but there was not sympathy between their characters. I had not seen her for many years, when an occasion offered. I was upon the point, with her consent, of paying her a visit, when my sister, who has always had more influence over me than any one else, persuaded me not to do it. 'For,' said she, 'if you go you will fall in love again, and then there will be a scene; one step will lead to another, *et cela fera un éclat.*' I was guided by those reasons, and shortly after married, — with what success it is useless to say."]

ı I forget — canst thou forget,
Vhen playing with thy golden hair,
How quick thy fluttering heart did move?
! by my soul, I see thee yet,
Vith eyes so languid, breast so fair,
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

en thus reclining on my breast,
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,
As half reproach'd yet raised desire,
d still we near and nearer prest,
And still our glowing lips would meet,
As if in kisses to expire.

d then those pensive eyes would close,
And bid their lids each other seek,
Veiling the azure orbs below;
ile their long lashes' darken'd gloss
Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,
Like raven's plumage smooth'd on snow.

reamt last night our love return'd,
And, sooth to say, that very dream
Was sweeter in its phantasy,
an if for other hearts I burn'd,
For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam
In rapture's wild reality.

en tell me not, remind me not,
Of hours which, though for ever gone,
Can still a pleasing dream restore,
l thou and I shall be forgot,
And senseless, as the mouldering stone
Which tells that we shall be no more.

THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED NOT NAME.

THERE was a time, I need not name,
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,
When all our feelings were the same
As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour when first thy tongue
Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
Unknown, and thus unfelt, by thine —

None, none hath sunk so deep as this —
To think how all that love hath flown;
Transient as every faithless kiss,
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,
When late I heard thy lips declare,
In accents once imagined true,
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes! my adored, yet most unkind!
Though thou wilt never love again,
To me 't is doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes! 't is a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my soul repine,
Whate'er thou art or e'er shalt be,
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

AND WILT THOU WEEP WHEN I AM LOW?

And wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again:
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly through my breast;
And when I perish, thou alone,
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine:
And for a while my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady! blessed be that tear—
It falls for one who cannot weep;
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm
With every feeling soft as thine;
But beauty's self hath ceas'd to charm
A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again

Yet if they grieve thee, say not so —
I would not give that bosom pain.[1]

[1] [The melancholy which was now gaining fast upon the young poet's mind was a source of much uneasiness to his friends. It was at this period that the following verses were addressed to him by Mr. Hobhouse: —

EPISTLE

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN IN LOVE.

HAIL! generous youth, whom glory's sacred flame
Inspires, and animates to deeds of fame;
Who feel the noble wish before you die
To raise the finger of each passer-by:
Hail! may a future age admiring view
A Falkland or a Clarendon in you.

But as your blood with dangerous passion boils,
Beware! and fly from Venus' silken toils:
Ah! let the head protect the weaker heart,
And Wisdom's Ægis turn on Beauty's dart.
* * * *

But if 't is fix'd that ev'ry lord must pair,
And you and Newstead must not want an heir,
Lose not your pains, and scour the country round,
To find a treasure that can ne'er be found!
No! take the first the town or court affords,
Trick'd out to stock a market for the lords;
By chance perhaps your luckier choice may fall
On one, though wicked, not the worst of all:
* * * * *
One though perhaps as any Maxwell free,
Yet scarce a copy, Claribel, of thee;
Not very ugly, and not very old,
A little pert indeed, but not a scold;
One that, in short, may help to lead a life
Not farther much from comfort than from strife;
And when she dies, and disappoints your fears,
Shall leave some joys for your declining years.

But, as your early youth some time allows,
Nor custom yet demands you for a spouse,
Some hours of freedom may remain as yet,
For one who laughs alike at love and debt:

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

A SONG.

FILL the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core;

Then, why in haste? put off the evil day,
And snatch at youthful comforts whilst you may!
Pause! nor so soon the various bliss forego
That single souls, and such alone, can know:
Ah! why too early careless life resign,
Your morning slumber, and your evening wine;
Your loved companion, and his easy talk:

Let us drink! — who would not? — since, through life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye;
I have loved! — who has not? — but what heart can declare
That pleasure existed while passion was there?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends! — who has not? — but what tongue will avow,
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam — thou never can'st change;
Thou grow'st old — who does not? — but on earth what appears,
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous! — who 's not? — thou hast no such alloy;
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find — do we not? — in the flow of the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
Hope was left, — was she not? — but the goblet we kiss,
And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own:
We must die — who shall not? — May our sins be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in Heaven.

STANZAS TO A LADY ON LEAVING ENGLAND.[1]

'T is done — and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast;
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen —
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest —
I should not seek another zone
Because I cannot love but one.

[1] [In the original MS., "To Mrs. Musters."]

'T is long since I beheld that eye
Which gave me bliss or misery;
And I have striven, but in vain,
Never to think of it again:
For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home;
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting place.
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;
But friend or leman I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go — but wheresoe'er I flee
There 's not an eye will weep for me;
There 's not a kind congenial heart,
Where I can claim the meanest part;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we 've been,
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe —
But mine, alas! has stood the blow;
Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be,
Is not for vulgar eyes to see;
And why that early love was cross'd,
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most;
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long, and loved but one

I 've tried another's fetters too,
With charms perchance as fair to view;
And I would fain have loved as well,
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own
A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him that wanders o'er the deep;
His home, his hope, his youth are gone,
Yet still he loves, and loves but one.[1]

1809.

[1] [Thus corrected by himself, in his mother's copy of Hobhouse's Miscellany; the two last lines being originally

"Though wheresoe'er my bark may run,
I love but thee, I love but one."]

LINES TO MR. HODGSON.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET.

Huzza! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo 's off at last;
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvas o'er the mast.
From aloft the signal 's streaming,
Hark! the farewell gun is fired;
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
Tell us that our time 's expired.
Here 's a rascal
Come to task all,
Prying from the custom-house;
Trunks unpacking,
Cases cracking,
Not a corner for a mouse
Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

ow our boatmen quit their mooring,
And all hands must ply the oar;
ggage from the quay is lowering,
We 're impatient — push from shore.
Have a care! that case holds liquor —
top the boat — I 'm sick — oh Lord! "
ck, ma'am, damme, you 'll be sicker
e you 've been an hour on board."

All are ... of
Stuck together close as wax. —
Such the general noise and racket,
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we 've reach'd her, lo! the captain,
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;
Passengers their berths are clapt in,
Some to grumble, some to spew.
"Heyday! call you that a cabin?"
Why 't is hardly three feet square;
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in —
Who the deuce can harbour there?
"Who, sir? plenty —
Nobles twenty
Did at once my vessel fill."—
"Did they? Jesus,
How you squeeze us!
Would to God they did so still:
Then I' d scape the heat and racket
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet."

Hatchet! Murray! Bob! where are

Now his breakfast, now his verses,
Vomits forth — and damns our souls.
" Here 's a stanza
On Braganza —
Help !" — " A couplet ? "— No, a cup
Of warm water —"
" What 's the matter ? "
" Zounds ! my liver's coming up ;
I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."

Now at length we 're off for Turkey,
Lord knows when we shall come back !
Breezes foul and tempests murky
May unship us in a crack.
But, since life at most a jest is,
As philosophers allow,
Still to laugh by far the best is,
Then laugh on — as I do now.
Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore ;
While we 're quaffing,
Let 's have laughing —
Who the devil cares for more ? —
Some good wine ! and who would lack it,
Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet ?

Falmouth Roads, June 30. 1809.

[1] [In the letter in which these lively verses were enclosed, Lord Byron says : — " I leave England without regret — I shall return it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced transportation ; but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but that was as sour as a crab ; and thus ends my first chapter."]

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AT MALTA.

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passers-by;
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
May mine attract thy pensive eye!

And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here.

September 14. 1809.

TO FLORENCE. [1]

Oh Lady! when I left the shore,
The distant shore which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth:

[1] [These lines were written at Malta. The lady to whom they were addressed, and whom he afterwards apostrophises in the stanzas on the thunderstorm of Zitza, and in Childe Harold, is thus mentioned in a letter to his mother: — "This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary lady, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs. Spencer Smith, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago. She has since been shipwrecked; and her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople, where her father, *Baron* Herbert, was Austrian Ambassador; married un-

Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
Where panting Nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albin's craggy shore
Divided by the dark-blue main;
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again:

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
Though Time restore me to my home,
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee:

On thee, in whom at once conspire
All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire,
And, oh! forgive the word — to love.

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
With such a word can more offend;
And since thy heart I cannot share,
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

---

happily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; e
cited the vengeance of Bonaparte, by taking a part in some cons
racy; several times risked her life; and is not yet five and twent
She is here on her way to England to join her husband, beir
obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her m
ther, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a sh
of war. Since my arrival here I have had scarcely any other cor
panion. I have found her very pretty, very accomplished, and e
tremely eccentric. Bonaparte is even now so incensed against h
that her life would be in danger if she were taken prisoner a secor
time."]

And who so cold as look on thee,
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?
Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of Beauty in distress?

Ah! who would think that form had past
Through Danger's most destructive path,
Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,
And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath?

Lady! when I shall view the walls
Where free Byzantium once arose,
And Stamboul's Oriental halls
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
That glorious city still shall be;
On me 't will hold a dearer claim,
As spot of thy nativity:

And though I bid thee now farewell,
When I behold that wond'rous scene,
Since where thou art I may not dwell,
'T will soothe, to be where thou hast been.

September, 1809.

STANZAS

COMPOSED DURING A THUNDER-STORM.[1]

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
Where Pindus' mountains rise,
And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crost,
Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
When lightning broke the gloom —
How welcome were its shade! — ah, no!
'T is but a Turkish tomb.

[1] [This thunderstorm occurred during the night of the 11th October, 1809, when Lord Byron's guides had lost the road to Zitza, near the range of mountains formerly called Pindus, in Albania. Mr. Hobhouse, who had rode on before the rest of the party, and arrived at Zitza just as the evening set in, describes the thunder as "rolling without intermission, the echoes of one peal not ceasing to roll in the mountains, before another tremendous crash burst over our heads; whilst the plains and the distant hills appeared in a perpetual blaze." "The tempest," he says, "was altogether terrific, and worthy of the Grecian Jove. My Friend, with the priest and the servants, did not enter our hut till three in the morning. I now learnt from him that they had lost their way, and that after wandering up and down in total ignorance of their position, they had stopped at last near some Turkish tombstones and a torrent, which they saw by the flashes of lightning. They had been thus exposed for nine hours. It was long before we ceased to talk of the thunder-storm in the plain of Zitza."]

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
I hear a voice exclaim —
My way-worn countryman, who calls
On distant England's name.

A shot is fired — by foe or friend?
Another — 't is to tell
The mountain-peasants to descend,
And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
To tempt the wilderness?
And who 'mid thunder peals can hear
Our signal of distress?

And who that heard our shouts would rise
To try the dubious road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
That outlaws were abroad.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
To keep my bosom warm.

While wandering through each broken path,
O'er brake and craggy brow;
While elements exhaust their wrath,
Sweet Florence, where art thou?

Not on the sea, not on the sea,
Thy bark hath long been gone:
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
Bow down my head alone!

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
When last I press'd thy lip;
And long ere now, with foaming shock,
Impell'd thy gallant ship.

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now
Hast trod the shore of Spain;
'T were hard if aught so fair as thou
Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
Which mirth and music sped;

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times from out her latticed halls
Look o'er the dark blue sea;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
Endear'd by days gone by;
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh.[1]

And when the admiring circle mark
The paleness of thy face,
A half-form'd tear, a transient spark
Of melancholy grace,

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun
Some coxcomb's raillery;

[1] ["These stanzas have a music in them, which, independently of all meaning, is enchanting."—Moore.]

Nor own for once thou thought'st of one,
Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
When sever'd hearts repine,
My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
And mourns in search of thine.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN GULF.

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
Full beams the moon on Actium's coast:
And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
The ancient world was won and lost.

And now upon the scene I look,
The azure grave of many a Roman;
Where stern Ambition once forsook
His wavering crown to follow woman.

Florence! whom I will love as well
As ever yet was said or sung,
(Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)
Whilst thou art fair and I am young;

Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,
When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes:
Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
Thy charms might raise new Antonies.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curl'd!
I cannot lose a world for thee,
But would not lose thee for a world.

Novembe

THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CH FLOWN!

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16. 18

The spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.

Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter;
And he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saint shave died, a martyr.

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING SESTOS TO ABYDOS.[1]

If, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remembe
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespo

[1] On the 3d of May, 1810, while the Salsette (Capt was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead,

1810 —]

'Tw
S
He

ay,

LIN

at beside,
lory ;

---

e European shore to
os would have been
he place whence we
uding the length we
by those on board the
; though the actual
current is such th
, in some measure.
ole distance being
ur and five, and h
water was ext
Abou

'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you!
He lost his labour, I my jest:
For he was drown'd, and I 've the ague. [1]

May 9. 1810.

LINES IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS.

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN: —

"Fair Albion, smiling, sees her son depart
To trace the birth and nursery of art:
Noble his object, glorious is his aim;
He comes to Athens, and he writes his name."

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE FOLLOWING: —

The modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would bring more credit than his verse. [2]

[1] ["My companion," says Mr. Hobhouse, "had before made a more perilous, but less celebrated passage; for I recollect that, when we were in Portugal, he swam from Old Lisbon to Belem Castle, and having to contend with a tide and counter current, the wind blowing freshly, was but little less than two hours in crossing."]

[2] ["At Orchomenus, where stood the Temple of the Graces, I was tempted to exclaim, 'Whither have the Graces fled?' Little did I expect to find them here; yet here comes one of them with golden cups and coffee, and another with a book. The book is a register of names, some of which are far sounded by the voice of fame. Among them is Lord Byron's, connected with some lines which I here send you." — H. W. Williams.]

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

MAID of Athens [1], ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart!

[1] [We copy the following interesting account of the Maid of Athens and her family from the late eminent artist, Mr. Hugh Williams of Edinburgh's, "Travels in Italy, Greece," &c.—"Our servant, who had gone before to procure accommodation, met us at the gate, and conducted us to Theodora Macri, the Consulina's, where we at present live. This lady is the widow of the Consul, and has three lovely daughters; the eldest celebrated for her beauty, and said to be the 'Maid of Athens,' of Lord Byron. Their apartment is immediately opposite to ours; and, if you could see them, as we do now, through the gently waving aromatic plants before our window, you would leave your heart in Athens.

"Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana, are of middle stature. On the crown of the head of each is a red Albanian skull-cap, with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap is a handkerchief of various colours bound round their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders,—the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk. The two eldest generally have their hair bound, and fastened under the handkerchief. Their upper robe is a pelisse edged with fur, hanging loose down to the ankles; below is a handkerchief of muslin covering the bosom, and terminating at the waist, which is short; under that, a gown of striped silk or muslin, with a gore round the swell of the loins, falling in front in graceful negligence;—white stockings and yellow slippers complete their attire. The two eldest have black, or dark, hair and eyes; their visage oval, and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded, and noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters', whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners pleasing and lady-like, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds *seem to be more* instructed than those of the Greek women in *general. With such attractions*, it would, indeed, be remarkable if

Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.[1]

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers[2] that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

---

they did not meet with great attentions from the travellers who occasionally are resident in Athens. They sit in the Eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs gathered under them on the divan, and without shoes. Their employments are the needle, tambouring, and reading." There is a beautiful engraving of the Maid of Athens in Finden's Illustrations of Byron, No. I.]

[1] Romaic expression of tenderness: If I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, "My life, I love you!" which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenised.

[2] In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations) flowers, cinders, pebbles, &c. convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury — an old woman. A cinder says, "I burn for thee;" a bunch of flowers tied with hair, "Take me and fly;" but a pebble declares — what nothing else can.

TRANSLATION

OF THE NURSE'S DOLE IN THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

Oh how I wish that an embargo
Had kept in port the good ship Argo!
Who, still unlaunch'd from Grecian docks,
Had never pass'd the Azure rocks;
But now I fear her trip will be a
Damn'd business for my Miss Medea, &c. &c. [2]

June, [illegible]

[1] Constantinople.

[2] ["I am just come from an expedition through the Br to the Black Sea and the Cyanean Symplegades, up wh scrambled with as great risk as ever the Argonauts r their hoy. You remember the beginning of the nurs the Medea, of which I beg you to take the following done on the summit. A 'damn'd business' it very r me; for, had not this sublime passage been in my h never have dreamed of ascending the said rocks, an carcass in honour of the ancients."—*Lord Byron Drury*, June 17. 1810.]

MY EPITAPH.

Youth, Nature, and relenting Jove,
To keep my lamp *in* strongly strove;
But Romanelli was so stout,
He beat all three — and *blew* it *out*. [1]

Oct. 1810.

SUBSTITUTE FOR AN EPITAPH.

Kind Reader! take your choice to cry or laugh;
Here Harold lies — but where 's his Epitaph?
If such you seek, try Westminster, and view
Ten thousand just as fit for him as you.

Athens.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.[2]

Dear object of defeated care!
Though now of Love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair,
Thine image and my tears are left.

[1] ["I have just escaped from a physician and a fever. In spite of my teeth and tongue, the English consul, my Tartar, Albanian, dragoman, forced a physician upon me, and in three days brought me to the last gasp. In this state I made my epitaph."—*Lord Byron to Mr. Hodgson*, Oct. 3. 1810.]

[2] [These lines are copied from a leaf of the original MS. of the second canto of "Childe Harold."]

'T is said with Sorrow Time can cope;
But this I feel can ne'er be true:
For by the death-blow of my Hope
My Memory immortal grew.

Athens, January, 1811.[1]

[1] [On the departure in July, 1810, of his friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. Hobhouse, for England, Lord Byron fixed his head-quarters at Athens, where he had taken lodgings in a Franciscan convent; making occasional excursions through Attica and the Morea, and employing himself, in the interval of his tours, in collecting materials for those notices on the state of modern Greece which are appended to the second canto of "Childe Harold." In this retreat also he wrote "Hints from Horace," "The Curse of Minerva," and "Remarks on the Romaic, or Modern Greek Language." He thus writes to his mother: — "At present, I do not care to venture a winter's voyage, even if I were otherwise tired of travelling; but I am so convinced of the advantages of looking at mankind, instead of reading about them, and the bitter effects of staying at home with all the narrow prejudices of an islander, that I think there should be a law amongst us to send our young men abroad, for a term, among the few allies our wars have left us. Here I see, and have conversed with, French, Italians, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Turks, Americans, &c. &c. &c.; and, without losing sight of my own, I can judge of the countries and manners of others. When I see the superiority of England (which, by the by, we are a good deal mistaken about in many things), I am pleased; and where I find her inferior, I am at least enlightened. Now, I might hav stayed, smoked in your towns, or fogged in your country, a centu without being sure of this, and without acquiring any thing u useful or amusing at home. I keep no journal; nor have I a tention of scribbling my travels. I have done with author and if, in my last production, I have convinced the critics world I was something more than they took me for, I tisfied; nor will I hazard my reputation by a future effo true I have some others in manuscript, but I leave those who come after me; and, if deemed worth publi may serve to prolong my memory, when I myself shall member. I have a famous Bavarian artist taking s Athens, &c. &c., for me. This will be better than a disease I hope myself cured of. I hope on my r a quiet, recluse life; but God knows, and does best

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR SONG,

" Δεύτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων." [1]

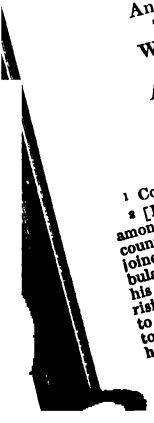
Sons of the Greeks, arise!
The glorious hour 's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke.
Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
Behold the coming strife!
Hellénes of past ages,
Oh, start again to life!

The song Δεύτε παῖδες, &c., was written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionise Greece. This translation as literal as the author could make it in verse. It is of the same measure as that of the original. [While at the Franciscan convent, Lord Byron devoted some hours daily to the study of the modern Greek; and various proofs of his diligence will be found in the APPENDIX to this volume.]



Who made
In old Thermopy...
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free;
With his three hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And like a lion raging,
Expired in seas of blood.
Sons of Greeks, &c

[1] Constantinople. "Ἐπτάλοφος."

[2] [Riga was a Thessalian, and passed the first part of his
among his native mountains, in teaching ancient Greek
countrymen. On the first burst of the French revoluti
joined himself to some other enthusiasts, and with them
bulated Greece, rousing the bold, and encouraging the
his minstrelsy. He afterwards went to Vienna to solicit
rising, which he and his comrades had for years been end
to accomplish; but he was given up by the Austrian g
to the Turks, who vainly endeavoured by torture to
him the names of the other conspirators.]

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG,

" Μπενω μες 'το' περιβόλι
'Ωραιότατη Χάηδή," &c. [1]

I ENTER thy garden of roses,[2]
Beloved and fair Haidée,
Each morning where Flora reposes,
For surely I see her in thee.
Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
Which utters its song to adore thee,
Yet trembles for what it has sung;
As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
Through her eyes, through her every feature,
Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
When Love has abandon'd the bowers;
Bring me hemlock — since mine is ungrateful,
That herb is more fragrant than flowers.

[1] The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with e young girls of Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in e chorus. I have heard it frequently at our "χόρευ," in the win- r of 1810-11. The air is plaintive and pretty.

[2] [National songs and popular works of amusement throw no nall light on the manners of a people: they are materials which ost travellers have within their reach, but which they almost al- ys disdain to collect. Lord Byron has shown a better taste; id it is to be hoped that his example will, in future, be generally llowed. — GEORGE ELLIS.]

By pangs which a smile would dispel?
Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
For torture repay me too well?
Now sad is the garden of roses,
Beloved but false Haidée!
There Flora all wither'd reposes,
And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

1811.

ON PARTING.

The kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see:
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write — to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak:
Oh! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

March, 1811.

EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT, LATE POET AND SHOEMAKER.[1]

STRANGER! behold, interr'd together,
The *souls* of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all*:
You'll find his relics in a *stall*.

[1] [Some notice of this poetaster has been given ante, vol. i. p. 224. He died in 1810, and his works have followed him.]

His works were neat, and often found
Well stitch'd, and with *morocco* bound.
Tread lightly — where the bard is laid
He cannot mend the shoe he made;
Yet is he happy in his hole,
With verse immortal as his *sole*.
But still to business he held fast,
And stuck to Phœbus to the last.
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only "leather and prunella?"
For character — he did not lack it;
And if he did, 't were shame to "Black-it."

Malta, Ma

FAREWELL TO MALTA.

Adieu, ye joys of La Valette!
Adieu, sirocco, sun, and sweat!
Adieu, thou palace rarely enter'd!
Adieu, ye mansions where — I 've ventured
Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs!
(How surely he who mounts you swears!)
Adieu, ye merchants often failing!
Adieu, thou mob for ever railing!
Adieu, ye packets — without letters!
Adieu, ye fools — who ape your betters!
Adieu, thou damned'st quarantine,
That gave me fever, and the spleen!
Adieu that stage which makes us yawn,
Adieu his Excellency's dancers!
Adieu to Peter — whom no fault 's i
But could not teach a colonel waltz

Adieu, ye females fraught with graces!
Adieu red coats, and redder faces!
Adieu the supercilious air
Of all that strut "en militaire!"
I go — but God knows when, or why,
To smoky towns and cloudy sky,
To things (the honest truth to say)
As bad — but in a different way.

Farewell to these, but not adieu,
Triumphant sons of truest blue!
While either Adriatic shore,
And fallen chiefs, and fleets no more,
And nightly smiles, and daily dinners,
Proclaim you war and women's winners.
Pardon my Muse, who apt to prate is,
And take my rhyme — because 't is "gratis."

And now I 've got to Mrs. Fraser,
Perhaps you think I mean to praise her —
And were I vain enough to think
My praise was worth this drop of ink,
A line — or two — were no hard matter,
As here, indeed, I need not flatter:
But she must be content to shine
In better praises than in mine,
With lively air, and open heart,
And fashion's ease, without its art;
Her hours can gaily glide along,
Nor ask the aid of idle song.

And now, O Malta! since thou 'st got us
Thou little military hothouse!
I 'll not offend with words uncivil,
And wish thee rudely at the Devil,

ES.

sement,
ace meant?

ON

k,
1 able
; label),
aver,
a fever.

ay 26. 1811.
[First published, 1832.]

—

ES.

MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR FARCICAL OPERA.

Good plays are scarce,
So Moore writes farce:
The poet's fame grows brittle —
We knew before
That *Little*'s Moore,
But now 't is *Moore* that 's *little*.

September 14. 1811.[1]

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,[2]

ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING THE AUTHOR TO BE CHEERFUL, AND TO "BANISH CARE."

"Oh! banish care" — such ever be
The motto of *thy* revelry!
Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights
Renew those riotous delights,

[1] On a leaf of one of Lord Byron's paper-books I find an Epi-, which, though not perhaps particularly good, I consider my-ound to insert."— Moore. [The farce in question was called P.; or, the Blue Stocking," and came out at the Lyceum The-on the 9th of September.]

[2] *i. e.* Mr. Francis Hodgson (not then the Reverend). See *p.* 41.]

Wherewith the children of Despair
Lull the lone heart, and "banish care."
But not in morn's reflecting hour,
When present, past, and future lower,
When all I loved is changed or gone,
Mock with such taunts the woes of one,
Whose every thought — but let them pass —
Thou know'st I am not what I was.
But, above all, if thou wouldst hold
Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,
By all the powers that men revere,
By all unto thy bosom dear,
Thy joys below, thy hopes above,
Speak — speak of any thing but love.

'T were long to tell, and vain to hear,
The tale of one who scorns a tear;
And there is little in that tale
Which better bosoms would bewail.
But mine has suffer'd more than well
'T would suit philosophy to tell.
I 've seen my bride another's bride,—
Have seen her seated by his side, —
Have seen the infant, which she bore,
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,
When she and I in youth have smiled,
As fond and faultless as her child; —
Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
Ask if I felt no secret pain;
And *I* have acted well my part,
And made my cheek belie my heart,
Return'd the freezing glance she gave,
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave; —
Have kiss'd, as if without design,
The babe which ought to have been mine,

And show'd, alas! in each caress
Time had not made me love the less. [1]

But let this pass — I 'll whine no more,
Nor seek again an eastern shore;
The world befits a busy brain, —
I 'll hie me to its haunts again.
But if, in some succeeding year,
When Britain's "May is in the sere,"
Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes
Suit with the sablest of the times,
Of one, whom love nor pity sways,
Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise,
One, who in stern ambition's pride,
Perchance not blood shall turn aside,
One rank'd in some recording page
With the worst anarchs of the age,
Him wilt thou *know* — and *knowing* pause,
Nor with the *effect* forget the cause. [2]

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 11. 1811. [3]
[First published in 1830.]

[1] [These lines will show with what gloomy fidelity, even while under the pressure of recent sorrow, the Poet reverted to the disappointment of his early affection, as the chief source of all his suffering and errors, present and to come. — MOORE.]

[2] [The anticipations of his own future career in these concluding lines are of a nature, it must be owned, to awaken more of horror than of interest, were we not prepared, by so many instances of his exaggeration in this respect, not to be startled at any lengths to which the spirit of self-libelling would carry him. It seemed as if, with the power of painting fierce and gloomy personages, he had also the ambition to be, himself, the dark 'sublime he drew,' and that, in his fondness for the delineation of heroic crime, he endeavoured to fancy, where he could not find in his own character, fit subjects for his pencil. — MOORE.]

[3] [Two days after, in another letter to Mr. Hodgson, Lord Byron says, — "I am growing *nervous* (how you will laugh!) — but it is true, — really, wretchedly, ridiculously, fine-ladically nervous. Your climate kills me; I can neither read, write, nor

TO THYRZA.

Without a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what Truth might well have said,
By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet beloved in vain;
The past, the future fled to thee,
To bid us meet — no — ne'er again!

Could this have been — a word, a look
That softly said, "We part in peace,"
Had taught my bosom how to brook,
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee
Prepared a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?

Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here?
Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,
In that dread hour ere death appear,
When silent sorrow fears to sigh,

---

self or any one else. My days are listless, and my nights restless I have seldom any society, and, when I have, I run out of it. don't know that I sha'nt end with insanity; for I find a wan method in arranging my thoughts that perplexes me strangely."

Till all was past? But when no more
'T was thine to reck of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flow'd as fast — as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day
In these, to me, deserted towers,
Ere call'd but for a time away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours?

Ours too the glance none saw beside;
The smile none else might understand;
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined,
That Love each warmer wish forbore;
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
Even passion blush'd to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore — I wear it still,
But where is thine? — Ah! where art thou?
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now!

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of woe for me to drain.
If rest alone be in the tomb,
I would not wish thee here again;

But if in worlds more blest than this
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me — too early taught by thee!
To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
On earth thy love was such to me;
It fain would form my hope in heaven!

October 11, 1811.[1]

[1] [Mr. Moore considers "Thyrza" as if she were a mere creature of the poet's brain. "It was," he says, "about the time when he was thus bitterly feeling, and expressing, the blight which his heart had suffered from a *real* object of affection, that his poems on the death of an *imaginary* one were written; — nor is it any wonder, when we consider the peculiar circumstances under which these beautiful effusions flowed from his fancy, that, of all his strains of pathos, they should be the most touching and most pure. They were, indeed, the essence, the abstract spirit, as it were, of many griefs; — a confluence of sad thoughts from many sources of sorrow, refined and warmed in their passage through his fancy, and forming thus one deep reservoir of mournful feeling." It is a pity to disturb a sentiment thus beautifully expressed; but Lord Byron, in a letter to Mr. Dallas, bearing the exact date of these lines, viz. Oct. 11th, 1811, writes as follows: — "I have been again shocked with a death, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times: but 'I have almost forgot the taste o grief,' and 'supped full of horrors,' till I have become callous; no have I a tear left for an event which, five years ago, would hav bowed my head to the earth." In his reply to this letter, M Dallas says, — "I thank you for your *confidential* communicatio How truly do I wish that that being had lived, and lived your What your obligations to her would have been in that case is conceivable." Several years after the series of poems on Thy were written, Lord Byron, on being asked to whom they refer by a person in whose tenderness he never ceased to confide, fused to answer, with marks of painful agitation, such as rend any further recurrence to the subject impossible. The reader i be left to form his own conclusion. The five following piece all devoted to Thyrza.]

AWAY, AWAY, YE NOTES OF WOE!

Away, away, ye notes of woe!
Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence — for, oh!
I dare not trust those sounds again.
To me they speak of brighter days —
But lull the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze
On what I am — on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled;
And now their softest notes repeat
A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
Yes, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,
Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
And all that once was harmony
Is worse than discord to my heart!

'T is silent all! — but on my ear
The well remember'd echoes thrill;
I hear a voice I would not hear,
A voice that now might well be still:
Yet oft my doubting soul 't will shake;
Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
Till consciousness will vainly wake
To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrza! waking as in sleep,
Thou art but now a lovely dream;
A star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.

ne who through life's dreary way
ust pass, when heaven is veil'd in wrath,
long lament the vanish'd ray
hat scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

December 6. 1811.[1]

ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE.

One struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleased before:
Though every joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
Man was not form'd to live alone:
I 'll be that light, unmeaning thing
That smiles with all, and weeps with no
It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
Thou 'rt nothing, — all are nothing

[1] ["I wrote this a day or two ago, on hearing days."— *Lord B. to Mr. Hodgson*, Dec. 8. 1811.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
The heart — the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night
It sooth'd to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deem'd the heavenly light
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
"Now Thyrza gazes on that moon" —
Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave!

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
"'T is comfort still," I faintly said,
"That Thyrza cannot know my pains:"
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 't is idle then to give,
Relenting Nature vainly gave
My life, when Thyrza ceased to live!

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new!
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
How tinged by time with sorrow's hue!
The heart that gave itself with thee
Is silent — ah, were mine as still!
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
Though painful, welcome to my breast!
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou'rt press'd!
Time tempers love, but not removes,
More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?

EUTHANASIA.

When Time, or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,
To weep, or wish, the coming blow:
No maiden, with dishevell'd hair,
To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,
With no officious mourners near:
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
Nor startle friendship with a fear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
Could nobly check its useless sighs,
Might then exert its latest power
In her who lives, and *him* who dies.

'T were sweet, my Psyche! to the last
Thy features still serene to see:
Forgetful of its struggles past,
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish — for Beauty still
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;
And woman's tears, produced at will,
Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,
Without regret, without a groan;
For thousands Death hath ceas'd to lower,
And pain been transient or unknown.

"Ay, but to die, and go," alas!
Where all have gone, and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'T is something better not to be.

AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AND FAIR.

"Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'T is Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
  The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
  Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
  Nor need I to repine,
That all those charms have pass'd away;
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
  Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
  The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
  Than see it pluck'd to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
  To see thy beauties fade;
The night that follow'd such a morn
  Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
  Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
  My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
  One vigil o'er thy bed;

To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

February, 1812.

IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN.

If sometimes in the haunts of men
Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
The semblance of thy gentle shade:
And now that sad and silent hour
Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserved may pour
The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile
I waste one thought I owe to thee,

And, self-condemn'd, appear to smile,
Unfaithful to thy memory!
Nor deem that memory less dear,
That then I seem not to repine;
I would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be, wholly *thine*.

If not the goblet pass unquaff'd,
It is not drain'd to banish care;
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
That brings a Lethe for despair.
And could Oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free,
I 'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
That drown'd a single thought of thee.

For wert thou vanish'd from my mind,
Where could my vacant bosom turn?
And who would then remain behind
To honour thine abandon'd Urn?
No, no — it is my sorrow's pride
That last dear duty to fulfil;
Though all the world forget beside,
'T is meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had been
Thy gentle care for him, who now
Unmourn'd shall quit this mortal scene,
Where none regarded him, but thou:
And, oh! I feel in *that* was given
A blessing never meant for me;
Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
For earthly Love to merit thee.

March 14. 1812.

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN.[1]

Ill-fated Heart! and can it be,
That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
Have years of care for thine and thee
Alike been all employ'd in vain?

Yet precious seems each shatter'd part,
And every fragment dearer grown,
Since he who wears thee feels thou art
A fitter emblem of *his own*.

March 16. 1812.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Ægle, beauty and poet, has two little crimes;
She makes her own face, and does not make her rhymes.

[1] [We know not whether the reader should understand the cornelian heart of these lines to be the same with that of which some notices are given in Vol. I. p. 95.]

LINES TO A LADY WEEPING.[1]

Weep, daughter of a royal line,
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah! happy if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away!

Weep — for thy tears are Virtue's tears —
Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop in future years
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles![2]

March, 1812.

[1] [This impromptu owed its birth to an *on dit*, that the late Princess Charlotte of Wales burst into tears on hearing that the Whigs had found it impossible to put together a cabinet, at the period of Mr. Perceval's death. They were appended to the first edition of the "Corsair," and excited a *sensation*, as it is called, marvellously disproportionate to their length, — or, we may add, their merit. The ministerial prints raved for two months on end, in the most foul-mouthed vituperation of the poet, and all that belonged to him — the Morning Post even announced a motion in the House of Lords — "and all this," Lord Byron writes to Mr. Moore, "as Bedreddin in the Arabian Nights remarks, for making a cream tart with pepper: how odd, that eight lines should have given birth, I really think, to eight thousand!"]

[2] ["The 'Lines to a Lady weeping' must go with the *Corsair*. I care nothing for consequences on this point. My politics are to me like a young mistress to an old man; the worse they grow, the fonder I become of them."—*Lord B. to Mr. Murray*, Jan. 22. 1814. — "On my return, I find all the newspapers in hysterics, and town in an uproar, on the avowal and republication of two stanzas on Princess Charlotte's weeping at Regency's speech to Lauderdale in 1812. They are daily at it still: — some of the abuse good, — all of it hearty. They talk of a motion in our House upon it — be it so." *Byron Diary*, 1814.]

THE CHAIN I GAVE.

FROM THE TURKISH.

The chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound;
The heart that offer'd both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell,
Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well, —
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
But not to bear a stranger's touch;
That lute was sweet — till thou could'st think
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they alter'd too;
The chain is broke, the music mute.
'T is past — to them and thee adieu —
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF "THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share, like me,
In turn thy converse [1], and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come
By Friendship ever deem'd too nigh,
And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb [2]
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

How fondly will she then repay
Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
Her name immortally with *thine!*

April 19. 1812.

[1] ["When Rogers does talk, he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house — his drawing-room — his library — you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor."— *B. Diary*, 1813.]

[2] [The reader will recall Collins's exquisite lines on the tomb of Thomson:

"In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave," &c.]

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1812.[1]

In one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd,
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh! sight admired and mourn'd,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd!)
Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven;
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,[2]

[1] [The theatre in Drury Lane, which was opened, in 1747, with Dr. Johnson's masterly address, beginning, —

"When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakspeare rose,"

and witness'd the last glories of Garrick, having fallen into decay, was rebuilt in 1794. The new building perished by fire in 1811; and the Managers, in their anxiety that the opening of the present edifice should be distinguished by some composition of at least equal merit, advertised in the newspapers for a general competition. Scores of addresses, not one tolerable, showered on their desk, and they were in sad despair, when Lord Holland interfered, and, not without difficulty, prevailed on Lord Byron to write these verses — "at the risk," as he said, "of offending a hundred scribblers and a discerning public." The admirable *jeu d'esprit* of the Messrs. Smith will long preserve the memory of the "Rejected Addresses."]

[2] ["By the bye, the best view of the said fire (which I myself saw from a house-top in Covent Garden) was at Westminster Bridge, from the reflection of the Thames."—*Lord Byron to Lord [illegible]*.]

While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome,
Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their home,
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall;
Say — shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
Rear'd where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakspeare — worthy him and *you*?

Yes — it shall be — the magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame;
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*:
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell —
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart.
On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu:
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom,
That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claims'd and claims — nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;
With garlands deck your own Menander's head,
Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley [1] ceased to write.
Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs*;
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,
Pause — ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both Players and Plays
Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject;
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbore to blame;
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute! [2]

[1] [Originally, "Ere Garrick *died*," &c. — "By the bye one of my corrections in the copy sent yesterday has dived into the bathos some sixty fathom —

'When Garrick died, and Brinsley ceased to write.'

Ceasing to *live* is a much more serious concern, and ought not to be first. Second thoughts in every thing are best; but, in rhyme, third and fourth don't come amiss. I always scrawl in this way, and smooth as fast as I can, but never sufficiently; and, latterly, I can weave a nine-line stanza faster than a couplet, for which measure I have not the cunning. When I began 'Childe Harold,' I had never tried Spenser's measure, and now I cannot scribble in any other."—*Lord Byron to Lord Holland.*]

[2] [The following lines were omitted by the Committee —

"Nay, lower still, the Drama yet deplores
That late she deign'd to crawl upon all-fours.

Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause;
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises — may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please — long, long may *you* preside.[1]

When Richard roars in Bosworth for a horse,
If you command, the steed must come in course.
If you decree, the stage must condescend
To soothe the sickly taste we dare not mend.
Blame not our judgment should we acquiesce,
And gratify you more by showing less.
The past reproach let present scenes refute,
Nor shift from man to babe, from babe to brute."

"Is Whitbread," said Lord Byron, "determined to castrate all my *cavalry* lines? I do implore, for my *own* gratification, one lash on those accursed quadrupeds — 'a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me.'"]

[1] ["Soon after the 'Rejected Addresses' scene in 1812, I met Sheridan. In the course of dinner, he said, 'Lord Byron, did you know that amongst the writers of addresses was Whitbread himself?' I answered by an inquiry of what sort of an address he had made. 'Of that,' replied Sheridan, 'I remember little, except that there was a *phœnix* in it.' — 'A phœnix!! Well, how did he describe it?' — 'Like a *poulterer*,' answered Sheridan: 'it was green, and yellow, and red, and blue; he did not let us off for a single feather.'" — *Byron Letters*, 1821.]

PARENTHETICAL ADDRESS[1]

BY DR. PLAGIARY.

Half stolen, with acknowledgments, to be spoken in an inarticulate voice by Master P. at the opening of the next new theatre. Stolen parts marked with the inverted commas of quotation — thus " —— ".

" When energising objects men pursue,"
Then Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows who.
" A modest monologue you here survey,"
Hiss'd from the theatre the " other day,"
As if Sir Fretful wrote " the slumberous " verse,
And gave his son " the rubbish " to rehearse.
" Yet at the thing you 'd never be amazed,"
Knew you the rumpus which the author raised ;
" Nor even here your smiles would be represt,"
Knew you these lines — the badness of the best,
" Flame ! fire ! and flame ! " (words borrowed from Lucretius,)
" Dread metaphors which open wounds " like issues !
" And sleeping pangs awake — and — but away "
(Confound me if I know what next to say).
" Lo Hope reviving re-expands her wings,"
And Master G— recites what Doctor Busby sings ! —
" If mighty things with small we may compare,"
(Translated from the grammar for the fair !)
Dramatic " spirit drives a conquering car,"
And burn'd poor Moscow like a tub of " tar."

[1] [Among the addresses sent in to the Drury Lane Committee was one by Dr. Busby, entitled, " A Monologue," of which the above is a parody. It began as follows : —

" When energising objects men pursue,
What are the prodigies they cannot do ?
A magic edifice you here survey,
Shot from the ruins of the other day, &c."]

" This spirit Wellington has shown in Spain,"
To furnish melodrames for Drury Lane.
" Another Marlborough points to Blenheim's story,"
And George and I will dramatise it for ye.

" In arts and sciences our isle hath shone "
(This deep discovery is mine alone).
" Oh British poesy, whose powers inspire "
My verse — or I 'm a fool — and Fame 's a liar,
" Thee we invoke, your sister arts implore "
With " smiles," and " lyres," and " pencils," and much more.
These, if we win the Graces, too, we gain
Disgraces, too ! " inseparable train ! "
" Three who have stolen their witching airs from Cupid "
(You all know what I mean, unless you 're stupid) :
" Harmonious throng " that I have kept in petto,
Now to produce in a " divine *sestetto* " ! !
" While Poesy," with these delightful doxies,
" Sustains her part " in all the " upper " boxes !
" Thus lifted gloriously, you 'll soar along,"
Borne in the vast balloon of Busby's song ;
" Shine in your farce, masque, scenery, and play "
(For this last line George had a holiday).
" Old Drury never, never soar'd so high,"
So says the manager, and so say I.
" But hold, you say, this self-complacent boast ; "
Is this the poem which the public lost ?
" True — true — that lowers at once our mounting pride ; "
But lo ! — the papers print what you deride.
" 'T is ours to look on you — you hold the prize,"
'T is *twenty guineas*, as they advertize !

" A double blessing your rewards impart "—
I wish I had them, then, with all my heart.
" Our *twofold* feeling *owns* its twofold cause,"
Why son and I both beg for your applause.
" When in your fostering beams you bid us live,"
My next subscription list shall say how much you give!

October, 1812.

VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER HOUSE AT HALES-OWEN.[1]

When Dryden's fool, " unknowing what he sought,"
His hours in whistling spent, " for want of thought,"[2]
This guiltless oaf his vacancy of sense
Supplied, and amply too, by innocence;
Did modern swains, possess'd of Cymon's powers,
In Cymon's manner waste their leisure hours,
Th' offended guests would not, with blushing, see
These fair green walks disgraced by infamy.
Severe the fate of modern fools, alas!
When vice and folly mark them as they pass.
Like noxious reptiles o'er the whiten'd wall,
The filth they leave still points out where they crawl.

[1] In Warwickshire. [2] See Cymon and Iphigenia.

REMEMBER THEE! REMEMBER THEE!

Remember thee! remember thee!
Till Lethe quench life's burning stream
Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,
And haunt thee like a feverish dream!

Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not.
Thy husband too shall think of thee;
By neither shalt thou be forgot,
Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me.![1]

TO TIME.

Time! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die —

Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd
Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.

[1] ["The sequel of a temporary *liaison*, formed by Lord Byron during his gay but brief career in London, occasioned the composition of this Impromptu. On the cessation of the connection, the fair one, actuated by jealousy, called one morning at her quondam lover's apartments. His Lordship was from home; but finding *Vathek* on the table, the lady wrote in the first page of the volume the words 'Remember me!' Byron immediately wrote under the ominous warning these two stanzas." *Medwin.*]

I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee, since thou could'st spare
All that I loved, to peace or heaven.

To them be joy or rest, on me
Thy future ills shall press in vain;
I nothing owe but years to thee,
A debt already paid in pain.

Yet even that pain was some relief;
It felt, but still forgot thy power:
The active agony of grief
Retards, but never counts the hour.

In joy I 've sigh'd to think thy flight
Would soon subside from swift to slow;
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
But could not add a night to woe;

For then, however drear and dark,
My soul was suited to thy sky;
One star alone shot forth a spark
To prove thee — not Eternity.

That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
A blank; a thing to count and curse,
Through each dull tedious trifling part,
Which all regret, yet all rehearse.

One scene even thou canst not deform;
The limit of thy sloth or speed
When future wanderers bear the storm
Which we shall sleep too sound to heed.

And I can smile to think how weak
Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
Must fall upon — a nameless stone.

TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE SONG.

Ah! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt,
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
I faint, I die beneath the blow.
That Love had arrows, well I knew;
Alas! I find them poison'd too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net
Which Love around your haunts hath set;
Or, circled by his fatal fire,
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring;
But caught within the subtle snare,
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
Can neither feel nor pity pain,
The cold repulse, the look askance,
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I deem'd thee mine;
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;
Like melting wax, or withering flower,
I feel my passion, and thy power.

My light of life! ah, tell me why
That pouting lip, and alter'd eye?
My bird of love! my beauteous mate!
And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
What wretch with me would barter woe?
My bird! relent: one note could give
A charm, to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
In silent anguish I sustain;
And still thy heart, without partaking
One pang, exults — while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!
Thou canst not murder more than now:
I've lived to curse my natal day,
And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
Can patience preach thee into rest?
Alas! too late, I dearly know
That joy is harbinger of woe.

THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU ART FICKLE.

Thou art not false, but thou art fickle,
To those thyself so fondly sought;
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:
'T is this which breaks the heart thou grievest,
Too well thou lov'st — too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,
And spurns deceiver and deceit;
But she who not a thought disguises,
Whose love is as sincere as sweet, —
When she can change who loved so truly,
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
Is doom'd to all who love or live;
And if, when conscious on the morrow,
We scarce our fancy can forgive,
That cheated us in slumber only,
To leave the waking soul more lonely,

What must they feel whom no false vision,
But truest, tenderest passion warm'd?
Sincere, but swift in sad transition;
As if a dream alone had charm'd?
Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
And all thy change can be but dreaming!

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE "ORIGIN OF LOVE."

THE "Origin of Love!"— Ah, why
That cruel question ask of me,
When thou mayst read in many an eye
He starts to life on seeing thee?

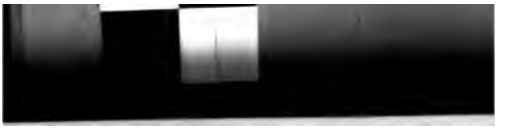
And shouldst thou seek his *end* to know:
My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
He 'll linger long in silent woe;
But live — until I cease to be.

REMEMBER HIM, WHOM PASSION'S POWER.

REMEMBER him, whom passion's power
Severely, deeply, vainly proved:
Remember thou that dangerous hour,
When neither fell, though both were loved.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,
Too much invited to be bless'd:
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
The wilder wish reproved, repress'd.

Oh! let me feel that all I lost
But saved thee all that conscience fears;
And blush for every pang it cost
To spare the vain remorse of years.



Yet think of this when many a tongue,
Whose busy accents whisper blame,
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
And brand a nearly blighted name.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued:
I bless thy purer soul even now,
Even now, in midnight solitude.

Oh, God! that we had met in time,
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;
When thou hadst loved without a crime,
And I been less unworthy thee!

Far may thy days, as heretofore,
From this our gaudy world be past!
And that too bitter moment o'er,
Oh! may such trial be thy last!

This heart, alas! perverted long,
Itself destroy'd might there destroy;
To meet thee in the glittering throng,
Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
That world resign — such scenes forego,
Where those who feel must surely fall.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
Thy soul from long seclusion pure;
From what even here hath pass'd, may guess
What there thy bosom must endure.

Oh! pardon that imploring tear,
Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;
For me they shall not weep again.

Though long and mournful must it be,
The thought that we no more may meet;
Yet I deserve the stern decree,
And almost deem the sentence sweet.

Still, had I loved thee less, my heart
Had then less sacrificed to thine;
It felt not half so much to part,
As if its guilt had made thee mine.

1813.

ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS.[1]

When Thurlow this damn'd nonsense sent,
(I hope I am not violent)
Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.

And since not ev'n our Rogers' praise
To common sense his thoughts could raise —
Why *would* they let him print his lays?

[1] ["Among the many gay hours we passed together in the spring of 1813, I remember particularly the wild flow of his spirits one evening, when we had accompanied Mr. Rogers home from some early assembly. It happened that our host had just received a presentation copy of a volume of poems, written professedly in imitation of the old English writers, and containing, like many of these models, a good deal that was striking and beautiful, mixed up with much that was trifling, fantastic, and absurd. In vain did Mr. Rogers, in justice to the author, endeavour to direct our attention to some of the beauties of the work. In this sort of hunt through the volume, we at length lighted on the discovery that our host, in addition to his sincere approbation of some of its contents, had also the motive of gratitude for standing by its author, as one of the poems was a warm and, I need not add, well-deserved panegyric on himself. The opening line of the poem was, as well as I can recollect, 'When Rogers o'er this labour bent;' and Lord Byron undertook to read it aloud; — but he found it impossible to get beyond the first two words. Our laughter *had now increased* to such a pitch that nothing could restrain it.

* * * * *

* * * * *

To me, divine Apollo, grant — O!
Hermilda's first and second canto,
I 'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

And thus to furnish decent lining,
My own and others' bays I 'm twining, —
So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in.

TO LORD THURLOW.

"I lay my branch of laurel down,
Then thus to form Apollo's crown,
Let every other bring his own."
Lord Thurlow's lines to Mr. Rogers.

"*I lay my branch of laurel down.*"

THOU "lay thy branch of *laurel* down!"
Why, what thou 'st stole is not enow;
And, were it lawfully thine own,
Does Rogers want it most, or thou?
Keep to thyself thy wither'd bough,
Or send it back to Doctor Donne:
Were justice done to both, I trow,
He 'd have but little, and thou — none.

Two or three times he began; but no sooner had the words 'When Rogers' passed his lips, than our fit burst forth afresh, — till even Mr. Rogers himself, with all his feeling of our injustice, found it impossible not to join us. A day or two after, Lord Byron sent me the following: — 'My dear Moore, 'When Rogers' must not see the enclosed, which I send for your perusal.'" — MOORE.

" Then thus to form Apollo's crown."
A crown! why, twist it how you will,
Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.
When next you visit Delphi's town,
Enquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,
They 'll tell you Phœbus gave his crown,
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

" Let every other bring his own."
When coals to Newcastle are carried,
And owls sent to Athens, as wonders,
From his spouse when the Regent 's unmarried,
Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,
And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE HIS VISIT TO MR. LEIGH HUNT IN HORSEMONGER LANE GAOL, MAY 19. 1813.

Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown,—
For hang me if I know of which you may most brag,
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Two-penny Post Bag;
* * * * * *

But now to my letter — to *yours* 'tis an answer —
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,
All ready and dress'd for proceeding to spunge on
(*According to* compact) the wit in the dungeon —

Pray Phœbus at length our political malice
May not get us lodgings within the same palace!
I suppose that to-night you're engaged with some
codgers,
And for Sotheby's Blues have deserted Sam Rogers;
And I, though with cold I have nearly my death got,
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heathcote;
But to-morrow, at four, we will both play the *Scurra*,
And you'll be Catullus, the Regent Mamurra. [1]

[First published, in 1830.]

IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND.

When, from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink:
My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
And droop within their silent cell. [2]

September, 1813.

[1] [The reader who wishes to understand the full force of this scandalous insinuation is referred to Muretus's notes on a celebrated poem of Catullus, entitled *In Cæsarem;* but consisting, in fact, of savagely scornful abuse of the favourite *Mamurra*: —

"Quis hoc potest videre? quis potest pati,
Nisi impudicus et vorax et helluo?
Mamurram habere quod comata Gallia
Habebat unctum, et ultima Britannia?" &c.]

[2] [These verses are said to have dropped from the poet's pen, to excuse a transient expression of melancholy which overclouded the general gaiety. It was impossible to observe his interesting

SONNET, TO GENEVRA.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features — caught
From contemplation — where serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair —
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That — but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought —
I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care.
With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
(Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn —
Such seem'st thou — but how much more excellent!
With nought Remorse can claim — nor Virtue scorn.

December 17. 1813.[1]

---

countenance, expressive of a dejection belonging neither to his rank, his age, nor his success, without feeling an indefinable curiosity to ascertain whether it had a deeper cause than habit or constitutional temperament. It was obviously of a degree incalculably more serious than that alluded to by Prince Arthur —

—'I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness.'

But, howsoever derived, this, joined to Lord Byron's air of mingling in amusements and sports as if he contemned them, and felt that his sphere was far above the frivolous crowd which surrounded him, gave a strong effect of colouring to a character whose tints were otherwise romantic. — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

[1] ["Redde some Italian, and wrote two sonnets. I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an exercise — and I will never write another. They are *the most* puling, petrifying, stupidly platonic compositions."—*Byron Diary, 1813.*]

SONNET, TO THE SAME.

Thy cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow:
And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes — but, oh!
While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
The soul of melancholy Gentleness
Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

December 17. 1813.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

"TU MI CHAMAS."

In moments to delight devoted,
"My life!" with tenderest tone, you cry;
Dear words! on which my heart had doted,
If youth could neither fade nor die.

To death even hours like these must roll,
Ah! then repeat those accents never;
Or change "my life!" into "my soul!"
Which, like my love, exists for ever.

ANOTHER VERSION.

You call me still your *life*. — Oh! change the word —
Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh:
Say rather I'm your soul; more just that name,
For, like the soul, my love can never die.

THE DEVIL'S DRIVE;

AN UNFINISHED RHAPSODY.[1]

THE Devil return'd to hell by two,
And he stay'd at home till five;
When he dined on some homicides done in *ragoût*.
And a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,
And sausages made of a self-slain Jew —
And bethought himself what next to do,
"And," quoth he, "I 'll take a drive.
I walk'd in the morning, I 'll ride to-night;
In darkness my children take most delight,
And I 'll see how my favourites thrive.

"And what shall I ride in?" quoth Lucifer then —
"If I follow'd my taste, indeed,
I should mount in a waggon of wounded men,
And smile to see them bleed.

[1] ["I have lately written a wild, rambling, unfinished rhapsody called 'The Devil's Drive,' the notion of which I took from Porson's 'Devil's Walk.'"—*Byron Diary*, 1813. — "Of this strange wild poem," says Moore, "the only copy that Lord Byron, I believe, ever wrote, he presented to Lord Holland. Though with a good deal of vigour and imagination, it is, for the most part, rather clumsily executed, wanting the point and condensation of those clever verses of Mr. Coleridge, which Lord Byron, adopting a notion *long prevalent*, has attributed to Professor Porson.]

But these will be furnished again and again,
And at present my purpose is speed;
To see my manor as much as I may,
And watch that no souls shall be poach'd away.

"I have a state-coach at Carlton House,
A chariot in Seymour Place;
But they 're lent to two friends, who make me amends,
By driving my favourite pace:
And they handle their reins with such a grace,
I have something for both at the end of their race.

"So now for the earth to take my chance:"
Then up to the earth sprung he;
And making a jump from Moscow to France,
He stepp'd across the sea,
And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,
No very great way from a bishop's abode.

But first as he flew, I forgot to say,
That he hover'd a moment upon his way,
To look upon Leipsic plain;
And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury glare,
And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair,
That he perch'd on a mountain of slain;
And he gazed with delight from its growing height,
Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight,
Nor his work done half as well:
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,
That it blush'd like the waves of hell!
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laugh'd he:
"Methinks they have here little need of *me!*"

* * * * *

But the softest note that soothed his ear
Was the sound of a widow sighing;
And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,
Which horror froze in the blue eye clear
Of a maid by her lover lying —
As round her fell her long fair hair;
And she look'd to heaven with that frenzied air,
Which seem'd to ask if a God were there!
And, stretch'd by the wall of a ruin'd hut,
With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,
A child of famine dying:
And the carnage begun, when resistance is done
And the fall of the vainly flying!

* * * * *

But the Devil has reach'd our cliffs so white,
And what did he there, I pray?
If his eyes were good, he but saw by night
What we see every day:
But he made a tour, and kept a journal
Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal,
And he sold it in shares to the *Men* of the *Row*,
Who bid pretty well — but they *cheated* him, though!

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the *Mail*,
Its coachman and his coat;
So instead of a pistol he cock'd his tail,
And seized him by the throat:
"Aha!" quoth he, "what have we here?
'T is a new barouche, and an ancient peer!"

So he sat him on his box again,
And bade him have no fear,
But be true to his club, and stanch to his rein,
His brothel, and his beer;

" Next to seeing a lord at the council board,
I would rather see him here."
* * * * *

The Devil gat next to Westminster,
And he turn'd to " the room " of the Commons;
But he heard, as he purposed to enter in there,
That " the Lords " had received a summons;
And he thought, as a "*quondam* aristocrat,"
He might peep at the peers, though to *hear* them were flat;
And he walk'd up the house so like one of our own,
That they say that he stood pretty near the throne.

He saw the Lord Liverpool seemingly wise,
The Lord Westmoreland certainly silly,
And Johnny of Norfolk — a man of some size —
And Chatham, so like his friend Billy;
And he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's eyes,
Because the Catholics would *not* rise,
In spite of his prayers and his prophecies;
And he heard — which set Satan himself a staring —
A certain Chief Justice say something like *swearing*.
And the Devil was shock'd — and quoth he, " I must go,
For I find we have much better manners below:
If thus he harangues when he passes my border,
I shall hint to friend Moloch to call him to order."

WINDSOR POETICS.

Lines composed on the occasion of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent being seen standing between the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I., in the royal vault at Windsor.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;
Between them stands another sceptred thing —
It moves, it reigns — in all but name, a king:

Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
— In him the double tyrant starts to life:
Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,
Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
Ah, what can tombs avail! — since these disgorge
The blood and dust of both — to mould a George. [1]

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.[2]

I SPEAK not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name,
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fam
But the tear which now burns on my cheek may imp
The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of hea

[1] ["I cannot conceive how the *Vault* has got about; but so It is too *farouche*; but truth to say, my sallies are not very ful."—*Lord Byron to Mr. Moore*, March 12. 1814.]

[2] ["Thou hast asked me for a song, and I enclose you an riment, which has cost me something more than trouble, a therefore, less likely to be worth your taking any in your pro setting. Now, if it be so, throw it into the fire without *pára Lord B. to Mr. Moore.* May 10. 1814.]

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,
Were those hours — can their joy or their bitterness
cease? [chain, —
We repent — we abjure — we will break from our
We will part, — we will fly to — unite it again!

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt!
Forgive me, adored one! — forsake, if thou wilt; —
But the heart which is thine shall expire undebased,
And *man* shall not break it — whatever *thou* mayst.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,
This soul, in its bitterest blackness, shall be:
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more
sweet,
With thee by my side, than with worlds at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove;
And the heartless may wonder at all I resign —
Thy lip shall reply, not to them, but to *mine*.

May 1814.

ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RECITED AT THE CALEDONIAN MEETING.

Who hath not glow'd above the page where fame
Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd name;
The mountain-land which spurn'd the Roman chain,
And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane,
Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand
No foe could tame — no tyrant could command?

That race is gone — but still their children breathe,
And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath:
O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine,
And, England! add their stubborn strength to thine.
The blood which flow'd with Wallace flows as free,
But now 't is only shed for fame and thee!
Oh! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,
But give support — the world hath given him fame!

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled
While cheerly following where the mighty led —
Who sleep beneath the undistinguish'd sod
Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,
To us bequeath — 't is all their fate allows —
The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse:
She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise
The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,
Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose
The Highland seer's anticipated woes,
The bleeding phantom of each martial form
Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm;
While sad, she chants the solitary song,
The soft lament for him who tarries long —
For him, whose distant relics vainly crave
The Coronach's wild requiem to the brave!

'T is Heaven — not man — must charm away the w
Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow;
Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear
Of half its bitterness for one so dear;
A nation's gratitude perchance may spread
A thornless pillow for the widow'd head;
May lighten well her heart's maternal care,
And wean from penury the soldier's heir.

FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE TO THOM MOORE.

" WHAT say *I?* " — not a syllable further in prose
I'm your man " of all measures," dear Tom, — so, h
goes !
Here goes, for a swim on the stream of old Time,
On those buoyant supporters, the bladders of rhym
If our weight breaks them down, and we sink in
flood,
We are smother'd, at least, in respectable mud,
Where the Divers of Bathos lie drown'd in a heap,
And Southey's last Pæan has pillow'd his sleep ; —
That " Felo de se, " who, half drunk with his malm
Walk'd out of his depth and was lost in a calm sea,
Singing " Glory to God " in a spick and span stanz
The like (since Tom Sternhold was choked) n
man saw.

The papers have told you, no doubt, of the fusses,
The fêtes, and the gapings to get at these Russes,[1]
Of his Majesty's suite, up from coachman to I
man,
And what dignity decks the flat face of the great m
I saw him, last week, at two balls and a party, —
For a prince, his demeanour was rather too hearty.
You know, *we* are used to quite different graces,
* * * * * *

[1] ["The newspapers will tell you all that is to be t
emperors, &c. They have dined, and supped, and shown
flat faces in all thoroughfares, and several saloons. Thei
forms are very becoming, but rather short in the skirts ; an
conversation is a catechism, for which, and the answers, I
you to those who have heard it."—*Lord B. to Mr. Moore*,
14. 1814.]

: Czar's look, I own, was much brighter and brisker,
t then he is sadly deficient in whisker;
id wore but a starless blue coat, and in kersey-
ere breeches whisk'd round, in a waltz with the Jersey,
Who, lovely as ever, seem'd just as delighted
With majesty's presence as those she invited.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

June, 1814.

CONDOLATORY ADDRESS TO SARAH, COUNTESS OF JERSEY,

ON THE REGENT'S RETURNING HER PICTURE TO MRS. MEE.[1]

When the vain triumph of the imperial lord,
Whom servile Rome obey'd, and yet abhorr'd,
Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,
That left a likeness of the brave, or just;
What most admired each scrutinising eye
Of all that deck'd that passing pageantry?
What spread from face to face that wondering air?
The thought of Brutus — for his was not there!
That absence proved his worth, — that absence fix'd
His memory on the longing mind, unmix'd;

[1] ["The newspapers have got hold (I know not how) of the C dolatory Address to Lady Jersey on the picture-abduction by Regent, and have published them — with my name, too, stuc without even asking leave, or inquiring whether or no! *their impudence, and* d—n every thing. It has put me out *tience, and so— I shall say* no more about it."— *Byron Let*

And more decreed his glory to endure,
Than all a gold Colossus could secure.
If thus, fair Jersey, our desiring gaze
Search for thy form, in vain and mute amaze,
Amidst those pictur'd charms, whose loveliness,
Bright though they be, thine own had render'd less;
If he, that vain old man, whom truth admits
Heir of his father's crown, and of his wits,
If his corrupted eye, and wither'd heart,
Could with thy gentle image bear depart;
That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the grief,
To gaze on Beauty's band without its chief:
Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts,
We lose the portrait, but preserve our hearts.
What can his vaulted gallery now disclose?
A garden with all flowers — except the rose; —
A fount that only wants its living stream;
A night, with every star, save Dian's beam.
Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be,
That turn from tracing them to dream of thee;
And more on that recall'd resemblance pause,
Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.
Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine,
With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine:
The symmetry of youth — the grace of mien —
The eye that gladdens — and the brow serene;
The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,
Which shades, yet shows that forehead more than fair!
Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws
A spell which will not let our looks repose,
But turn to gaze again, and find anew
Some charm that well rewards another view.
These are not lessen'd, these are still as bright,
Albeit too dazzling for a dotard's sight;

And those must wait till ev'ry charm is gone,
To please the paltry heart that pleases none; —
That dull cold sensualist, whose sickly eye
In envious dimness pass'd thy portrait by;
Who rack'd his little spirit to combine
Its hate of *Freedom*'s loveliness, and *thine.*

August, 181

TO BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR! from the banquet turn,
Nor in thy sensual fulness fall;
Behold! while yet before thee burn
The graven words, the glowing wall,
Many a despot men miscall
Crown'd and anointed from on high;
But thou, the weakest, worst of all —
Is it not written, thou must die?

Go! dash the roses from thy brow —
Grey hairs but poorly wreathe with them;
Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,
More than thy very diadem,
Where thou hast tarnish'd every gem: —
Then throw the worthless bauble by,
Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves contemn;
And learn like better men to die!

Oh! early in the balance weigh'd,
And ever light of word and worth,
Whose soul expired ere youth decay'd,
And left thee but a mass of earth.

To see thee moves the scorner's mirth :
But tears in Hope's averted eye
Lament that even thou hadst birth —
Unfit to govern, live, or die.

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART. [1]

THERE is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue:
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth
Grows hush'd, *their name* the only sound;
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth
The goblet's tributary round.

[1] [This gallant officer fell in August, 1814, in his twenty-ninth year, whilst commanding, on shore, a party belonging to his ship, the Menelaus, and animating them, in storming the American camp near Baltimore. He was Lord Byron's first cousin; but they had never met since boyhood.]

A theme to crowds that knew them not,
Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not share their glorious lot?
Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
And early valour, glowing, find
A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
In woe, that glory cannot quell;
And shuddering hear of victory,
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
When cease to hear thy cherish'd name?
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
They cannot choose but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

October, 1814.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.[1]

" O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."
GRAY's *Poemata.*

THERE 's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'T is not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

[1] [These verses were given by Lord Byron to Mr. Power, of the Strand, who has published them, with very beautiful music by Sir John Stevenson. — " I feel merry enough to send you a sad song. An event, the death of poor Dorset, (see *ante*, Vol I. p. 37.) and the recollection of what I once felt, and ought to have felt now, but could not— set me pondering, and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands. I wrote them with a view to your setting them, and as a present to Power, if he would accept the words, and *you* did not think yourself degraded for once in a way, by marrying them to music. I don't care what Power says to secure the property of the song, so that it is *not* complimentary to me, nor any thing about 'condescending' or '*noble author*'— both 'vile phrases,' as Polonius says."—*Lord B. to Mr. Moore.*]

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 't is where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;
'T is but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, — or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.[1]

March, 1815.

[1] ["Do you remember the lines I sent you early last year? don't wish (like Mr. Fitzgerald) to claim the character of 'Va in all its translations, — but were they not a little prophet mean those beginning, 'There's not a joy the world can &c., on which I pique myself as being the *truest*, though th melancholy, I ever wrote."— *Byron Letters*, March, 1816.]

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

ON NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA.

ONCE fairly set out on his party of pleasure,
Taking towns at his liking, and crowns at his leisure,
From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,
Making *balls for* the ladies, and *bows to* his foes.[1]

March 27. 1815.

[1] ["I can forgive the rogue for utterly falsifying every line of mine Ode — which I take to be the last and uttermost stretch of human magnanimity. Do you remember the story of a certain

ODE FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

We do not curse thee, Waterloo!
Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew;
There 't was shed, but is not sunk —
Rising from each gory trunk,
Like the water-spout from ocean,
With a strong and growing motion —
It soars, and mingles in the air,
With that of lost Labedoyère —
With that of him whose honour'd grave
Contains the "bravest of the brave."
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
But shall return to whence it rose;
When 't is full 't will burst asunder —
Never yet was heard such thunder
As then shall shake the world with wonder —
Never yet was seen such lightning
As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning!
Like the Wormwood Star foretold
By the sainted Seer of old,

---

abbé, who wrote a treatise on the Swedish constitution, and proved it indissoluble and eternal? Just as he had corrected the last sheet, news came that Gustavus the Third had destroyed this immortal government. 'Sir,' quoth the abbé, 'the King of Sweden may overthrow the *constitution*, but not *my book!!*' I think *of* the abbé, but not *with* him. Making every allowance for talent and most consummate daring, there is, after all, a good deal in luck or destiny. He might have been stopped by our frigates, or wrecked in the Gulf of Lyons, which is particularly tempestuous — *or — a thou*sand things. But he is certainly fortune's favourite."
— *Byron Letters*, March, 1815.]

Show'ring down a fiery flood,
Turning rivers into blood. [1]

II.

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,
Vanquishers of Waterloo!
When the soldier citizen
Sway'd not o'er his fellow-men —
Save in deeds that led them on
Where glory smiled on Freedom's son —
Who, of all the despots banded,
With that youthful chief competed?
Who could boast o'er France defeated,
Till lone Tyranny commanded?
Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
The Hero sunk into the King?
Then he fell: — so perish all,
Who would men by man enthral!

III.

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume! [2]
Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb; [3]

[1] See Rev. chap. viii. *v.* 7. &c. "The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood," &c. *v.* 8. "And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea; and the third part of the sea became blood," &c. *v.* 10. "And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp: and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters." *v.* 11. "And the name of the star is called *Wormwood:* and the third part of the waters became *wormwood;* and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter."

[2] ["Poor dear Murat, what an end! His white plume used to be a rallying point in battle, like Henry the Fourth's. He refused a confessor and a bandage; so would neither suffer his soul nor body to be bandaged."—*Byron Letters.*]

[3] Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt.

Better hadst thou still been leading
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
Than sold thyself to death and shame
For a meanly royal name;
Such as he of Naples wears,
Who thy blood-bought title bears.
Little didst thou deem, when dashing
On thy war-horse through the ranks
Like a stream which burst its banks,
While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,
Shone and shiver'd fast around thee —
Of the fate at last which found thee:
Was that haughty plume laid low
By a slave's dishonest blow?
Once — as the Moon sways o'er the tide,
It roll'd in air, the warrior's guide;
Through the smoke-created night
Of the black and sulphurous fight,
The soldier raised his seeking eye
To catch that crest's ascendency, —
And, as it onward rolling rose,
So moved his heart upon our foes.
There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
Of the eagle's burning crest —
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
Who could then her wing arrest —
Victory beaming from her breast?)
While the broken line enlarging
Fell, or fled along the plain;
There be sure was Murat charging!
There he ne'er shall charge again!

IV.

O'er glories gone the invaders march,
Weeps Triumph o'er each levell'd arch —
But let Freedom rejoice,
With her heart in her voice;
But, her hand on her sword,
Doubly shall she be adored;
France hath twice too well been taught
The "moral lesson" dearly bought —
Her safety sits not on a throne,
With Capet or Napoleon!
But in equal rights and laws,
Hearts and hands in one great cause —
Freedom, such as God hath given
Unto all beneath his heaven,
With their breath, and from their birth,
Though Guilt would sweep it from the earth;
With a fierce and lavish hand
Scattering nations' wealth like sand;
Pouring nations' blood like water,
In imperial seas of slaughter!

V.

But the heart and the mind,
And the voice of mankind,
Shall arise in communion —
And who shall resist that proud union?
The time is past when swords subdued —
Man may die — the soul 's renew'd:
Even in this low world of care
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;
Millions breathe but to inherit
Her for ever bounding spirit —

When once more her hosts assemble,
Tyrants shall believe and tremble —
Smile they at this idle threat?
Crimson tears will follow yet.[1]

FROM THE FRENCH.[2]

I.

Must thou go, my glorious Chief,
Sever'd from thy faithful few?
Who can tell thy warrior's grief,
Maddening o'er that long adieu?
Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,
Dear as both have been to me —
What are they to all I feel,
With a soldier's faith for thee?

II.

Idol of the soldier's soul!
First in fight, but mightiest now;

[1] ["Talking of politics, as Caleb Quotem says, pray look at the conclusion of my 'Ode on Waterloo,' written in the year 1815, and, comparing it with the Duke de Berri's catastrophe in 1820, tell me if I have not as good a right to the character of '*Vates*,' in both senses of the word, as Fitzgerald and Coleridge? —

'Crimson tears will follow yet;'

and have they not?"— *Byron Letters*, 1820.]

[2] "All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Buonaparte. He clung to his master's knees; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission *to accompany* him, even in the most menial capacity, which could *not be admitted*."

Many could a world control;
Thee alone no doom can bow.
By thy side for years I dared
Death; and envied those who fell,
When their dying shout was heard,
Blessing him they served so well. [1]

III.

Would that I were cold with those,
Since this hour I live to see;
When the doubts of coward foes
Scarce dare trust a man with thee,
Dreading each should set thee free!
Oh! although in dungeons pent,
All their chains were light to me,
Gazing on thy soul unbent.

IV.

Would the sycophants of him
Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
Were his borrow'd glories dim,
In his native darkness share?
Were that world this hour his own,
All thou calmly dost resign,
Could he purchase with that throne
Hearts like those which still are thine?

V.

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu!
Never did I droop before;

[1] "At Waterloo, one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon ball, to wrench it off with the other, and throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades, 'Vive l'Empereur, jusqu'à la mort!'. There were many other instances of the like: this you may, however, depend on as true." — *Private Letter from Brussels.*

Never to my sovereign sue,
As his foes I now implore:
All I ask is to divide
Every peril he must brave;
Sharing by the hero's side
His fall, his exile, and his grave.

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION HONOUR."

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

STAR of the brave! — whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead —
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet, —
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honour here;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space;
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue
Of three bright colours[1], each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them,
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light:
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But, oh thou Rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array;
And soon, oh, Goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!

[1] The tricolour.

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

I.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my Glory
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name —
She abandons me now — but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war.

II.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth, —
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won —
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun!

III.

Farewell to thee, France! — but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then, —
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again —

Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voic
There are links which must break in the chain
bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy cl

ENDORSEMENT TO THE DEED OF SEPAI IN THE APRIL OF 1816. [1]

A YEAR ago, you swore, fond she!
"To love, to honour," and so forth:
Such was the vow you pledged to me,
And here's exactly what 't is worth.

[1] ["Here is an epigram I wrote for the Endorsem Deed of Separation, in 1816; but the lawyers objecte superfluous. It was written as we were getting up t and sealing."—*Lord Byron to Mr. Moore.*]

DOMESTIC PIECES.

1816.

[Of the six following poems, the first three were written immediately before Lord Byron's final departure from England; the others, during the earlier part of his residence in the neighbourhood of Geneva. They all refer to the unhappy event, which will for ever mark the chief crisis of his personal story, — that separation from Lady Byron, of which, after all that has been said and written, the real motives and circumstances remain as obscure as ever.

It is only, of course, with Lord Byron's part in the transaction that the public have any sort of title to concern themselves. He has given us this right, by making a domestic occurrence the subject of printed verses; but, so long as the other party chooses to guard that reserve, which few can be so uncharitable as not to ascribe, in the main, to a high feeling, it is entirely impossible to arrive at any clear and definite judgment on the case as a whole. Each reader must, therefore, be content to interpret for himself, as fairly as he may, an already bulky collection of evidence, which will probably be doubled before it has any claim to be considered as complete.

There are, however, two important points which seem to us to be placed beyond all chance of dispute hereafter: namely, first, that Lord Byron himself never knew the precise origin of his Lady's resolution to quit his society, in 1816; and, secondly, that, down to the last, he never despaired of being ultimately reconciled to her. Both of these facts appear to be established, in the clearest manner, by Mr. Moore's narrative, and the whole subsequent tenour of the Poet's own diaries, letters, and conversations. Mr. Kennedy, in his account of Lord Byron's last residence in Cephalonia, represents him as saying, — "Lady Byron deserves every respect from me: I do not indeed know the cause of the separation, and I have remained, and ever will remain, ready for a reconciliation, whenever circumstances open and point out the way to it." Mr. Moore has preserved evidence of one attempt which Lord Byron made to bring about an explanation with his Lady, ere he left Switzerland for Italy. Whether he ever repeated the experiment we are uncertain: but *that* failed, — and the failure must be borne in mind, when the reader considers some of the smaller pieces included in this section. See MOORE's *Notices.*]

FARE THEE WELL.[1]

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain;
* * * * *
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

COLERIDGE's *Christabel.*

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well:
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

[1] ["It was about the middle of April that his two celebrated copies of verses, "Fare thee well," and "A Sketch," made their appearance in the newspapers; and while the latter poem was generally and, it must be owned, justly condemned, as a sort of literary assault on an obscure female, whose situation ought to have placed her as much *beneath* his satire, as the undignified mode of his attack certainly raised her *above* it, with regard to the other poem, opinions were a good deal more divided. To many it appeared a strain of true conjugal tenderness,—a kind of appeal which no woman with a heart could resist; while, by others, on the contrary, it was considered to be a mere showy effusion of sentiment, as difficult for real feeling to have produced as it was easy for fancy and art, and altogether unworthy of the deep interests involved in the subject. To this latter opinion I confess my own to have, at first, strongly inclined; and suspicious as I could not help regarding the sentiment that could, at such a moment, indulge in such verses, the taste that prompted or sanctioned their publication appeared to me even still more questionable. On reading, however, his own account of all the circumstances in the Memorands

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou would'st at last discover
'T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee —
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

I found that on both points I had, in common with a large portion of the public, done him injustice. He there described, and in a manner whose sincerity there was no doubting, the swell of tender recollections under the influence of which, as he sat one night musing in his study, these stanzas were produced, — the tears, as he said, falling fast over the paper as he wrote them. Neither did it appear, from that account, to have been from any wish or intention of his own, but through the injudicious zeal of a friend whom he had suffered to take a copy, that the verses met the public eye."—Moore The appearance of the manuscript confirms this account of the *cumstances* under which it was written: it is blotted all over *the marks of tears.*]

Still thine own its life retaineth —
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is press'd,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love hath bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 't is done — all words are idle —
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will. —

Fare thee well! — thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

March 17. 1816.

A SKETCH.[1]

"Honest — honest Iago!
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee."— SHAKSPEARE.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
Next — for some gracious service unexpress'd,
And from its wages only to be guess'd —
Raised from the toilet to the table, — where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie —
The genial confidante, and general spy —
Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess —
An only infant's earliest governess!

[1] ["I send you my last night's dream, and request to have fifty *copies* struck off, for private distribution. I wish Mr. Gifford to *look at them*. They are from life."— *Lord B. to Mr. Murray, March 30.* 1816.]

She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shows:
What she had made the pupil of her art,
None know — but that high Soul secured the heart,
And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast and undeluded ear.
Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which Flattery fool'd not — Baseness could not blind,
Deceit infect not — near Contagion soil —
Indulgence weaken — nor Example spoil —
Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown —
Nor Genius swell — nor Beauty render vain —
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain —
Nor Fortune change — Pride raise — nor Passion bow,
Nor Virtue teach austerity — till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness — to forgive,
Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below:
Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme: — now laid aside too long,
The baleful burthen of this honest song —
Though all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before.
If mothers — none know why — before her quake;
If daughters dread her for the mothers' sake;
If early habits — those false links, which bind
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind —
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will;

If like a snake she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls;
If like a viper to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find;
What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?
Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints, [smiles —
While mingling truth with falsehood — sneers with
A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming;
A lip of lies — a face form'd to conceal;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown;
A cheek of parchment — and an eye of stone.
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale —
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul or face) —
Look on her features! and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined:
Look on the picture! deem it not o'ercharged —
There is no trait which might not be enlarged:
Yet true to "Nature's journeymen," who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade —
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear — without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought —

The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black — as thy will for others would create:
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed, —
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread!
Then, when thou fain wouldst weary Heaven w
prayer,
Look on thine earthly victims — and despair!
Down to the dust! — and, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear —
Thy name — thy human name — to every eye
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorr'd compeers —
And festering [1] in the infamy of years.

March 29. 18

[1] [In first draught — "weltering." "I doubt about 'welterir We say 'weltering in blood;' but do they not also use 'welter in the wind,' 'weltering on a gibbet?' I have no dictionary, look. In the mean time, I have put 'festering;' which, perha in any case is the best word of the two. Shakspeare has it oft and I do not think it too strong for the figure in this thing. Qui quick! quick! quick!"— *Lord B. to Mr. Murray*, April 2.]

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.[1]

I.

When all around grew drear and dark,
And reason half withheld her ray —
And hope but shed a dying spark
Which more misled my lonely way;

II.

In that deep midnight of the mind,
And that internal strife of heart,
When dreading to be deem'd too kind,
The weak despair — the cold depart;

III.

When fortune changed — and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose and set not to the last.

IV.

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night,
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

[1] [His sister, the Honourable Mrs. Leigh. — These stanzas — the parting tribute to her, whose unshaken tenderness had been the author's sole consolation during the crisis of domestic misery — were, we believe, the last verses written by Lord Byron in England. In a note to Mr. Rogers, dated April 16th, he says, — "My sister is now with me, and leaves town to-morrow: we shall not meet again for some time at all events, — *if ever!* and, under these circumstances, I trust to stand excused to you and Mr. Sheridan, for being unable to wait upon him this evening." On the 25th, the poet took a last leave of his native country.]

v.

And when the cloud upon us came,
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray —
Then purer spread its gentle flame,
And dash'd the darkness all away.

vi.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
And teach it what to brave or brook —
There's more in one soft word of thine
Than in the world's defied rebuke.

vii.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
That still unbroke, though gently bent,
Still waves with fond fidelity
Its boughs above a monument.

viii.

The winds might rend — the skies might pour,
But there thou wert — and still would'st be
Devoted in the stormiest hour
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

ix.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,
Whatever fate on me may fall;
For heaven in sunshine will requite
The kind — and thee the most of all.

x.

Then let the ties of baffled love
Be broken — thine will never break;
Thy heart can feel — but will not move;
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

XI.

nd these, when all was lost beside,
Were found and still are fix'd in thee; —
And bearing still a breast so tried,
Earth is no desert — ev'n to me.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.[1]

I.

THOUGH the day of my destiny 's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,[2]
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in *thee*.

II.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling.
Because it reminds me of thine;

[1] [These beautiful verses, so expressive of the writer's wo
feelings at the moment, were written in July, at the Cam
Diodati, near Geneva, and transmitted to England for P
tion, with some other pieces. "Be careful," he says, "in
the stanzas beginning, 'Though the day of my destiny 's,' &
I think well of as a composition."]

[2] [In the original MS. —

"Though the days of my glory are over,
And the sun of my fame hath declined."]

And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

III.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd,
To pain — it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contemn
They may torture, but shall not subdue me —
'Tis of *thee* that I think — not of them." [1]

IV.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake,
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor, mute, that the world might belie. [2]

V.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one —

[1] [Originally thus: —

"There is many a pang to pursue me,
And many a peril to stem;
They may torture, but shall not subdue me;
They may crush, but they shall not contemn.

[2] [MS. — "Though watchful, 't was but to reclaim me,
Nor, silent, to sanction a lie."]

If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'T was folly not sooner to shun:
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of *thee*.

VI.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
Deserved to be dearest of all:
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

July 24. 1816.

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA. [1]

I.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:

[1] [These stanzas — "Than which," says the Quarterly Review, for January 1831, "there is nothing perhaps more mournfully and desolately beautiful in the whole range of Lord Byron's poetry" — were also written at Diodati, and sent home at the time for publication, in case Mrs. Leigh should sanction it. "There is," he says, "amongst *the manuscripts* an epistle to my Sister, on which I should wish

Go where I will, to me thou art the same —
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny, —
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

II.

The first were nothing — had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire's [1] fate of yore, —
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

III.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,

---

her opinion to be consulted before publication; if she objects, course omit it." On the fifth of October he writes, — "My siste has decided on the omission of the lines. Upon this point, her op tion will be followed. As I have no copy of them, I request tha you will preserve one for me in MS.; for I never can remember a lir of that nor any other composition of mine. God help me! if I pro ceed in this scribbling, I shall have frittered away my mind befor I am thirty; but poetry is at times a real relief to me. To-morro I am for Italy." The epistle was first given to the world i 1830.]

[1] [Admiral Byron was remarkable for never making a voya without a tempest. He was known to the sailors by the facetio name of "Foul-weather Jack."

"But, though it were tempest-toss'd,
Still his bark could not be lost."

He returned safely from the wreck of the Wager (in Anson's vo age), and subsequently circumnavigated the world, many yea after, as commander of a similar expedition.]

If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'T was folly not sooner to shun:
And if dearly that error hath cost me
And more than I once could foresee
I have found that, whatever it lost me
It could not deprive me of *thee*.

VI.

From the wreck of the past, which hath
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most
Deserved to be dearest of all:
In the desert a fountain is springing
In the wide waste there still is a t
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

EPISTLE TO AUGUS

I.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a na
Dearer and purer were, it should
Mountains and seas divide us, b
No tears, but tenderness to answe

[1] [These stanzas — "Than which," says
January 1831, "there is nothing perha
lately beautiful in the whole range of
also written at Diodati, and sent home
case Mrs. Leigh should sanction it.
the manuscripts an epistle to my S

Go where I will, to me thou art the same —
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny, —
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

II.

The first were nothing — had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire's [1] fate of yore, —
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

III.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,

---

her opinion to be consulted before publication; if she objects, of course omit it." On the fifth of October he writes, — "My sister has decided on the omission of the lines. Upon this point, her option will be followed. As I have no copy of them, I request that you will preserve one for me in MS.; for I never can remember a line of that nor any other composition of mine. God help me! if I proceed in this scribbling, I shall have frittered away my mind before I am thirty; but poetry is at times a real relief to me. To-morrow I am for Italy." The epistle was first given to the world in 1830.]

[1] [Admiral Byron was remarkable for never making a voyage without a tempest. He was known to the sailors by the facetious name of "Foul-weather Jack."

"But, though it were tempest-toss'd,
Still his bark could not be lost."

He returned safely from the wreck of the Wager (in Anson's voyage), and subsequently circumnavigated the world, many years after, as commander of a similar expedition.]

Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make,
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

XI.

The world is all before me; I but ask
Of Nature that with which she will comply —
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister — till I look again on thee.

XII.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
And that I would not; — for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
The earliest — even the only paths for me —
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be;
The passions which have torn me would have slept;
I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

"Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad, as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its softened way did take
In currents through the calmer waters spread
Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed;
The woods sloped downwards to its brink and stood
With their green faces fix'd upon the flood."]

XIII.

With false Ambition what had I to do?
Little with Love, and least of all with Fame;
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
And made me all which they can make — a name.
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over — I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone before.

XIV.

And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have fill'd a century,
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

XV.

And for the remnant which may be to come
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless, — for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And for the present, I would not benumb
My feelings farther. — Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around,
And worship Nature with a thought profound.

XVI.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are — I am, even as thou art —
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;

It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined — let death come slow or fa
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

LINES

ON HEARING THAT LADY BYRON WAS ILL.[1]

And thou wert sad — yet I was not with thee;
And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near;
Methought that joy and health alone could be
Where I was *not* — and pain and sorrow here
And is it thus? — it is as I foretold,
And shall be more so; for the mind recoils
Upon itself, and the wreck'd heart lies cold,
While heaviness collects the shatter'd spoils.
It is not in the storm nor in the strife
We feel benumb'd, and wish to be no more,
But in the after-silence on the shore,
When all is lost, except a little life.

I am too well avenged! — but 't was my right;
Whate'er my sins might be, *thou* wert not sent
To be the Nemesis who should requite —
Nor did Heaven choose so near an instrument

[1] [These verses were written immediately after the fa
the negociation for a reconciliation, before Lord Byron le
zerland for Italy, but were not intended for the public e
however, they have recently found their way into circulat
include them in this collection.]

Mercy is for the merciful! — if thou
Hast been of such, 't will be accorded now.
Thy nights are banish'd from the realms of sleep! —
  Yes! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel
  A hollow agony which will not heal,
For thou art pillow'd on a curse too deep;
Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap
  The bitter harvest in a woe as real!
I have had many foes, but none like thee;
  For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,
  And be avenged, or turn them into friend;
But thou in safe implacability
Hadst nought to dread — in thy own weakness shielded,
And in my love, which hath but too much yielded,
  And spared, for thy sake, some I should not spare —
And thus upon the world — trust in thy truth —
And the wild fame of my ungovern'd youth —
  On things that were not, and on things that are —
Even upon such a basis hast thou built
A monument, whose cement hath been guilt!
  The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,
  And hew'd down, with an unsuspected sword,
Fame, peace, and hope — and all the better life
  Which, but for this cold treason of thy heart,
Might still have risen from out the grave of strife,
  And found a nobler duty than to part.
But of thy virtues didst thou make a vice,
  Trafficking with them in a purpose cold,
  For present anger, and for future gold —
And buying other's grief at any price.
And thus once enter'd into crooked ways,
The early truth, which was thy proper praise,
Did not still walk beside thee — but at times,
And with a breast unknowing its own crimes,

Deceit, averments incompatible,
Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell
In Janus-spirits — the significant eye
Which learns to lie with silence — the pretext
Of prudence, with advantages annex'd —
The acquiescence in all things which tend,
No matter how, to the desired end —
All found a place in thy philosophy.
The means were worthy, and the end is won —
I would not do by thee as thou hast done![1]

September, 1816.

[1] ["Lord Byron had at least this much to say for himself, that he was not the first to make his domestic differences a topic of public discussion. On the contrary, he saw himself, ere any fact but the one undisguised and tangible one was or could be known, held up every where, and by every art of malice, as the most infamous of men, — because he had parted from his wife. He was exquisitely sensitive: he was wounded at once by a thousand arrows; and all this with the most perfect and indignant knowledge, that of all who were assailing him *not one* knew any thing of the real merits of the case. Did he right, then, in publishing those squibs and tirades? No, certainly: it would have been nobler, better, wiser far, to have utterly scorned the assaults of such enemies, and taken no notice, of any kind, of them. But, because this young, hot-blooded, proud, patrician poet did not, amidst the exacerbation of feelings which he could not control, act in precisely the most dignified and wisest of all possible manners of action, — are we entitled, is the world at large entitled, to issue a broad sentence of vituperative condemnation? Do *we* know all that he had suffered? — have *we* imagination enough to comprehend what he suffered under circumstances such as these? — have *we* been tried in similar circumstances, whether we could feel the wound unflinchingly, and keep the weapon quiescent in the hand that trembled with all the excitements of insulted privacy, honour, and faith.

"Let people consider for a moment what it is that they demand when they insist upon a poet of Byron's class abstaining altogether from expressing in his works any thing of his own feelings in regard to any thing that immediately concerns his own history. We tell him, in every possible form and shape, that the great and distinguishing merit of his poetry is the intense truth with which *that* poetry expresses his own personal feelings. We encourage *him in every* possible way to dissect his own heart for our enter-

tainment — we tempt him by every bribe most likely to act powerfully on a young and imaginative man, to plunge into the darkest depths of self-knowledge; to madden his brain with eternal self-scrutinies, to find his pride and his pleasure in what others shrink from as torture — we tempt him to indulge in these dangerous exercises, until they obviously acquire the power of leading him to the very brink of frenzy — we tempt him to find, and to see in this perilous vocation, the staple of his existence, the food of his ambition, the very essence of his glory, — and the moment that, by habits of our own creating, at least of our own encouraging and confirming, he is carried one single step beyond what we happen to approve of, we turn round with all the bitterness of spleen, and reproach him with the unmanliness of entertaining the public with his feelings in regard to his separation from his wife. This was truly the conduct of a fair and liberal public! To our view of the matter, Lord Byron, treated as he had been, tempted as he had been, and tortured and insulted as he was at the moment, did no more forfeit his character by writing what he did write upon that unhappy occasion, than another man, under circumstances of the same nature, would have done, by telling something of his mind about it to an intimate friend across the fire. The public had forced him into the habits of familiarity, and they received his confidence with nothing but anger and scorn." — LOCKHART.]

MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN,[1]

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.[2]

When the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,

[1] [Mr. Sheridan died the 7th of July, 1816, and this monody was written at Diodati on the 17th, at the request of Mr. Douglas Kinnaird. "I did as well as I could," says Lord Byron, "but where I have not my choice, I pretend to answer for nothing." A proof-sheet of the poem, with the words "by request of a friend" in the titlepage, having reached him, — "I request you," he says, "to expunge that same, unless you please to add, 'by a person of quality,' or 'of wit and humour.' It is sad trash, and must have been done to make it ridiculous."]

[2] [Sheridan's own monody on Garrick was spoken from the same boards, by Mrs. Yates, in March, 1779. "One day," says Lord Byron, "I saw him take it up. He lighted upon the dedication to the Dowager Lady Spencer. On seeing it, he flew into a rage and exclaimed, 'that it must be a forgery, as he had never dedicated any thing of his to such a d—d, canting,' &c. &c. — and so he went on for half an hour abusing his own dedication, or at least the object of it. If all writers were equally sincere, it would be ludicrous."— *B. Diary*, 1821.]

Who hath not shared that calm, so still and deep,
The voiceless thought which would not speak but
weep,
A holy concord — and a bright regret,
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?
'T is not harsh sorrow — but a tenderer woe,
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
Felt without bitterness — but full and clear,
A sweet dejection — a transparent tear,
Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain,
Shed without shame — and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils
When Summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes
When all of Genius which can perish dies.
A mighty Spirit is eclipsed — a Power
Hath pass'd from day to darkness — to whose hour
Of light no likeness is bequeath'd — no name,
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame!
The flash of Wit — the bright Intelligence,
The beam of Song — the blaze of Eloquence,
Set with their Sun — but still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal Mind;
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon.
But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
Which all embraced — and lighten'd over all,
To cheer — to pierce — to please — or to appal.
From the charm'd council to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded lord;
In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
The praised — the proud — who made his praise their
pride.

When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan [1]
Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder — his the avenging rod,
The wrath — the delegated voice of God!
Which shook the nations through his lips — and blazed
Till vanquish'd senates trembled as they praised. [2]

And here, oh! here, where yet all young and warm,
The gay creations of his spirit charm,
The matchless dialogue — the deathless wit,
Which knew not what it was to intermit;
The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring;
These wondrous beings of his fancy, wrought
To fulness by the fiat of his thought,
Here in their first abode you still may meet,
Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat;
A halo of the light of other days,
Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.

[1] [See Fox, Burke, and Pitt's eulogy on Mr. Sheridan's speech on the charges exhibited against Mr. Hastings in the House of Commons. Mr. Pitt entreated the House to adjourn, to give time for a calmer consideration of the question than could then occur after the immediate effect of that oration. —"Before my departure from England," says Gibbon, "I was present at the august spectacle of Mr. Hastings's trial in Westminster Hall. It is not my province to absolve or condemn the governor of India; but Mr. Sheridan's eloquence demanded my applause; nor could I hear without emotion the personal compliment which he paid me in the presence of the British nation. This display of genius blazed forth four successive days," &c. On being asked by a brother Whig, at the conclusion of the speech, how he came to compliment Gibbon with the epithet "luminous," Sheridan answered, in a half whisper, "I said 'voluminous.'"]

[2] ["I heard Sheridan only once, and that briefly; but I liked his voice, his manner, and his wit. He is the only one of them I ever wished to hear at greater length."— *B. Diary*, 1821.]

ıt should there be to whom the fatal blight
f failing Wisdom yields a base delight,
len who exult when minds of heavenly tone
ar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause — ah! little do they know
That what to them seem'd Vice might be but Woe.[1]
Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel — accuser — judge — and spy,
The foe — the fool — the jealous — and the vain,
The envious who but breathe in others' pain,
Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave,

[1] ["Once I saw Sheridan cry after a splendid dinner. I had th honour of sitting next him. The occasion of his tears was some ob servation or other upon the subject of the sturdiness of the Whi in resisting office and keeping to their principles. Sheridan turn round: — 'Sir, it is easy for my Lord G. or Earl G. or Marquis B. Lord H., with thousands upon thousands a year, some of it eit *presently* derived, or *inherited* in sinecure or acquisitions from public money, to boast of their patriotism and keep aloof fr temptation: but they do not know from what temptation t have kept aloof who had equal pride, at least equal talents, not unequal passions, and nevertheless knew not in the cours their lives what it was to have a shilling of their own.' As saying this he wept. I have more than once heard him say, he never had a shilling of his own.' To be sure, he contriv extract a good many of other people's. In 1815, I found I my lawyer's. After mutual greetings, he retired. Before ring to my own business, I could not help inquiring that o ridan. 'Oh,' replied the attorney, 'the usual thing! to s an action.'— 'Well,' said I, 'and what do you mean to ' Nothing at all for the present,' said he: 'would you have ceed against old Sherry? what would be the use of it?' a he began laughing, and going over Sheridan's good gift versation. Such was Sheridan! he could soften an a *There has* been nothing like it since the days of Orphe *Diary, 1821.*]

Watch every fault that daring Genius owes
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of Calumny!
These are his portion — but if joined to the
Gaunt Poverty should league with deep Di
If the high Spirit must forget to soar,
And stoop to strive with Misery at the door
To soothe Indignity — and face to face
Meet sordid Rage — and wrestle with Disg
To find in Hope but the renew'd caress,
The serpent-fold of further Faithlessness: –
If such may be the ills which men assail,
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?
Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling
Bear hearts electric — charged with fire fro
Black with the rude collision, inly torn,
By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds t
Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that n
Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder –
and burst.[2]

But far from us and from our mimic scene
Such things should be — if such have ever

[1] [This was not fiction. Only a few days before h
ridan wrote thus to Mr. Rogers: — "I am absolutel
broken-hearted. They are going to put the carpets o
and break into Mrs. S.'s room and *take me*: 150*l*. w
difficulty. For God's sake let me see you!" Mr. M
immediate bearer of the required sum. This was w
15th of May. On the 14th of July, Sheridan's remai
sited in Westminster Abbey, — his pall-bearers be
of Bedford, the Earl of Lauderdale, Earl Mulgra
Bishop of London, Lord Holland, and Earl Spencer.

[2] [In the original MS.—

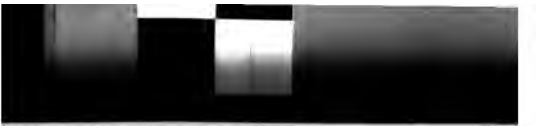
" Abandon'd by the skies, whose beams have
Their very thunders, lighten — scorch — wa

Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
To give the tribute Glory need not ask,
To mourn the vanish'd beam — and add our ma[illegible]
Of praise in payment of a long delight.
Ye Orators! whom yet our councils yield,
Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field!
The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three!* [1]
Whose words were sparks of Immortality!
Ye Bards! to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,
He was your Master — emulate him *here!*
Ye men of wit and social eloquence! [2]
He was your brother — bear his ashes hence!
While Powers of mind almost of boundless range,
Complete in kind — as various in their change,

[1] Fox — Pitt — Burke. ["When Fox was asked, whic thought the best speech he had ever heard, he replied, 'Sheri on the impeachment of Hastings, in the House of Comm When he made it, Fox advised him to speak it over again in W minster Hall on the trial, as nothing better could be made o subject; but Sheridan made his new speech as different as p ble, and, according to the best judges, very inferior, not withst ing the panegyric of Burke, who exclaimed during the del of some passages of it — 'There, that is the true style — somet between poetry and prose, and better than either.'"—*B. D (from Lord Holland,)* 1821.]

[2] ["In society I have met Sheridan frequently. He was su I have seen him cut up Whitbread, quiz Madame de Staël, hilate Colman, and do little less by some others of good fam ability. I have met him at all places and parties — at Whit with the Melbournes, at the Marquis of Tavistock's, at Robins auctioneers, at Sir Humphrey Davy's, at Sam Rogers's — in s in most kinds of company, and always found him convivial an lightful."—*B. Diary,* 1821.]

[3] ["Lord Holland told me a curious piece of sentimentali Sheridan. The other night we were all delivering our respe and various opinions upon him and other *hommes marquans* mine was this: — 'Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen t has been *par excellence* always the best of its kind. He has ten the best comedy (School for Scandal), the best drama (t mind, far beyond that St. Giles's lampoon, the Beggars' Op *the best farce* (the Critic, — it is only too good for a farce), an



While Eloquence — Wit — Poesy — and Mirth,
That humbler Harmonist of care on Earth,
Survive within our souls — while lives our sense
Of pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence,
Long shall we seek his likeness — long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die — in moulding Sheridan!

THE DREAM.[1]

I.

Our life is twofold: Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality.
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,

---

best address (Monologue on Garrick), and to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in this country. Somebody told Sheridan this the next day, and, on hearing it, he burst into tears! Poor Brinsley! if they were tears of pleasure, I would rather have said these few, but most sincere words, than have written the Iliad, or made his own celebrated philippic. Nay, his own comedy never gratified me more than to hear that he had received a moment's gratification from any praise of mine." — *Byron Diary*, Dec 17. 1813.]

[1] [In the first draught of this poem, Lord Byron had entitled it "*The Destiny*." Mr. Moore says, "it cost him many a tear in writing," and justly characterises it as "the most mournful as well as picturesque 'story of a wandering life' that ever came from the pen and heart of man." It was composed at Diodati in July, 1816.]

They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past, — they speak
Like Sibyls of the future; they have power —
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not — what they will,
And shake us with the vision that 's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows — Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? — What are they?
Creations of the mind? — The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep — for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 't were the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs; — the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing — the one on all that was beneath

Fair as herself — but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young — yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him: he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,[1]
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects: — he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously — his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother — but no more; 't was much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honour'd race.[2] — It was a name

[1] [——" she was his sight,
For never did he turn his glance until
Her own had led by gazing on an object."—MS.]

[2] [(See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 42. — " Our union," said Lord Byron in 1821, " would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers — it would have joined lands broad and rich — it would have joined at least *one* heart and two persons not ill-matched in years (she is two years my elder) — and — and — and — what has been the result ?"]

Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not — and why?
Time taught him a deep answer — when she loved
Another; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparison'd:
Within an antique Oratory stood
The Boy of whom I spake; — he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon
He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of; then he lean'd
His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 't were
With a convulsion — then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears.[1]
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet: as he paused,
The Lady of his love re-enter'd there;
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She knew she was by him beloved, — she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart

[1] [The picture which Lord Byron has here drawn of his youthful love shows how genius and feeling can elevate the realities of this life, and give to the commonest events and objects an undying lustre. The old hall at Annesley under the name of the "antique oratory," will long call up to fancy the "maiden and the youth" who once stood in it; while the image of the "lover's steed," though suggested by the unromantic race-ground of Nottingham, will not the less conduce to the general charm of the scene, and *share a portion* of that light which only genius could shed over it. — MOORE.]

Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.[1]
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;
He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retir'd, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles; he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way;
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams: he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,

[1] ["I had long been in love with M. A. C., and never told it, though *she* had discovered it without. I recollect my sensations, but cannot describe them, and it is as well." — *Byron Diary*, 1822.]

While many of his tribe slumber'd around:
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.[1]

v.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love was wed with One
Who did not love her better: — in her home,
A thousand leagues from his, — her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,
Daughters and sons of Beauty, — but behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be? — she had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repressed affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be? — she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind — a spectre of the past.

vi.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wanderer was return'd. — I saw him stand

[1] [This is true *keeping* — an Eastern picture perfect in its for ground, and distance, and sky, and no part of which is so dwe upon or laboured as to obscure the principal figure. It is often i the slight and almost imperceptible touches that the hand of th master is shown, and that a single spark, struck from his fanc *lightens* with a long train of illumination that of the reader. — Si WALTER SCOTT.]

Before an Altar — with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood; — as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then —
As in that hour — a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, — and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been —
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time? [1]

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love; — Oh! she was changed

[1] [This touching picture agrees closely, in many of its circumstances, with Lord Byron's own prose account of the wedding in his Memoranda; in which he describes himself as waking, on the morning of his marriage, with the most melancholy reflections, on seeing his wedding-suit spread out before him. In the same mood, he wandered about the grounds alone, till he was summoned for the ceremony, and joined, for the first time, on that day, his bride and her family. He knelt down — he repeated the words after the clergyman; but a mist was before his eyes — his thoughts were elsewhere: and he was but awakened by the congratulations of the bystanders to find that he was — married. — Moore.]

As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real![1]

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,[2]
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many m
And made him friends of mountains: with the
And the quick Spirit of the Universe

[1] [——— "the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
For it becomes the telescope of truth,
And shows us all things naked as they ar

[2] [Mithridates of Pontus.]

He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of Night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret — Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality — the one
To end in madness — both in misery.[1]

July, 1816.

DARKNESS.[2]

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.[3]
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars

[1] [This poem is written with great beauty and genius — but is extremely painful. We cannot maintain our accustomed tone of levity, or even speak like calm literary judges, in the midst of these agonising traces of a wounded and distempered spirit. Even our admiration is swallowed up in a most painful feeling of pity and of wonder. It is impossible to mistake these for fictitious sorrows, conjured up for the purpose of poetical effect. There is a dreadful tone of sincerity, and an energy that cannot be counterfeited, in the expression of wretchedness, and alienation from humankind, which occurs in every line of this poem. — JEFFREY.]

[2] [In the original MS.—"A Dream."]

[3] [In this poem Lord Byron has abandoned the art, so peculiarly his own, of showing the reader where his purpose tends, and has contented himself with presenting a mass of powerful ideas unarranged, and the meaning of which it is not easy to attain. A succession of terrible images is placed before us, flitting and mixing, and disengaging themselves, as in the dream of a feverish man—chimeras dire, to whose existence the mind refuses credit,

Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went — and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires — and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings — the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
Forests were set on fire — but hour by hour
They fell and faded — and the crackling trunks

---

which confound and weary the ordinary reader, and baffle the comprehension, even of those more accustomed to the flights of s poetic muse. The subject is the progress of utter darkness until it becomes, in Shakspeare's phrase, the "burier of th dead;" and the assemblage of terrific ideas which the poet hr placed before us only fail in exciting our terror from the extrav gance of the plan. To speak plainly, the framing of such pha tasms is a dangerous employment for the exalted and teemi imagination of such a poet as Lord Byron, whose Pegasus e required rather a bridle than a spur. The waste of bound space into which they lead the poet, the neglect of precision wh such themes may render habitual, make them, in respect to poe what mysticism is to religion. The meaning of the poet, a ascends upon cloudy wing, becomes the shadow only of a thou and having eluded the comprehension of others, necessarily by escaping from that of the author himself. The streng poetical conception, and the beauty of diction, bestowed upon prolusions, is as much thrown away as the colours of a ps *could he* take a cloud of mist, or a wreath of smoke, for hi *vass.* —SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

Extinguish'd with a crash — and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds shriek'd,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless — they were slain for food:
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again: — a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought — and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails — men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress — he died.

The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies: they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects — saw, and shriek'd, and died —
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless —
A lump of death — a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge —
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them — She was the Universe.[1]

Diodati, July, 1816.

[1] ["Darkness" is a grand and gloomy sketch of the supposed consequences of the final extinction of the Sun and the heavenly bodies; executed, undoubtedly, with great and fearful force, but with something of German exaggeration, and a fantastical solution of incidents. The very conception is terrible above all conception of known calamity, and is too oppressive to the imagination to be contemplated with pleasure, even in the faint reflection of poetry.—JEFFREY.]

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE;

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED.[1]

I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
With not the less of sorrow and of awe
On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
With name no clearer than the names unknown,
Which lay unread around it; and I ask'd
The Gardener of that ground, why it might be
That for this plant strangers his memory task'd,
Through the thick deaths of half a century;
And thus he answer'd — "Well, I do not know
Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
He died before my day of Sextonship,
And I had not the digging of this grave."
And is this all? I thought, — and do we rip
The veil of Immortality, and crave
I know not what of honour and of light
Through unborn ages, to endure this blight,
So soon, and so successless? As I said,
The Architect of all on which we tread,

[1] [On the sheet containing the original draught of these lines Lord Byron has written:—"The following poem (as most that I have endeavoured to write) is founded on a fact; and this detail is an attempt at a serious imitation of the style of a great poet—its beauties and its defects: I say, the *style*; for the thoughts I claim as my own. In this, if there be anything ridiculous, let it be attributed to me, at least as much as to Mr. Wordsworth; of whom there can exist few greater admirers than myself. I have blended what I would deem to be the beauties as well as defects of his style; and it ought to be remembered, that, in such things, whether there be praise or dispraise, there is always what is called a compliment, however unintentional."]

For Earth is but a tombstone, did essay
To extricate remembrance from the clay,
Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,
Were it not that all life must end in one,
Of which we are but dreamers; — as he caught
As 'twere the twilight of a former Sun,
Thus spoke he, — "I believe the man of whom
You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
Was a most famous writer in his day,
And therefore travellers step from out their way
To pay him honour, — and myself whate'er
Your honour pleases:" — then most pleased I shook[1]
From out my pocket's avaricious nook
Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere
Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
So much but inconveniently: — Ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools, not I — for I did dwell
With a deep thought, and with a soften'd eye,
On that Old Sexton's natural homily,
In which there was Obscurity and Fame, —
The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.[2]

Diodati, 1816.

[1] [Originally—

— "then most pleased, I shook
My inmost pocket's most retired nook,
And out fell five and sixpence."]

[2] ["The Grave of Churchill might have called from Lord Byron a deeper commemoration; for, though they generally differed in character and genius, there was a resemblance between their history and character. The satire of Churchill flowed with a more profuse, though not a more embittered, stream; while, on the other hand, he cannot be compared to Lord Byron in point of tenderness or imagination. But both these poets held themselves above the opinion of the world, and both were followed by the fame and popularity which they seemed to despise. The *writings of both* exhibit an inborn, though sometimes ill-regu-

PROMETHEUS.

I.

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;
What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,
Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
Until its voice is echoless.

II.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,

---

lated, generosity of mind, and a spirit of proud independence, frequently pushed to extremes. Both carried their hatred of hypocrisy beyond the verge of prudence, and indulged their vein of satire to the borders of licentiousness. Both died in the flower of their age in a foreign land." — SIR WALTER SCOTT. — Churchill died at Boulogne, November 4, 1764, in the thirty-third year of his age. — "Though his associates obtained Christian burial for him, by bringing the body to Dover, where it was interred in the old cemetery which once belonged to the collegiate church of St. Martin, they inscribed upon his tombstone, instead of any consolatory or monitory text, this Epicurean line from one of his own poems—

"Life to the last enjoy'd, here Churchill lies."

—*Southey's Life of Cowper*, vol. ii. p. 159]

And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
The ruling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die:
The wretched gift eternity
Was thine — and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;
The fate thou didst so well foresee,
But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
And in his Soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled,
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

III.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign
To Mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, Man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;

His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself — and equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concenter'd recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory.

Diodati, July, 1816.

A FRAGMENT.

"COULD I REMOUNT," &c.

COULD I remount the river of my years
To the first fountain of our smiles and tears,
I would not trace again the stream of hours
Between their outworn banks of wither'd flowers,
But bid it flow as now — until it glides
Into the number of the nameless tides.

* * * * *

What is this Death? — a quiet of the heart?
The whole of that of which we are a part?
For life is but a vision — what I see
Of all which lives alone is life to me,
And being so — the absent are the dead,
Who haunt us from tranquillity, and spread
A dreary shroud around us, and invest
With sad remembrancers our hours of rest.
The absent are the dead — for they are cold,
And ne'er can be what once we did behold;

And they are changed, and cheerless, — or if yet
The unforgotten do not all forget,
Since thus divided — equal must it be
If the deep barrier be of earth, or sea;
It may be both — but one day end it must
In the dark union of insensate dust.
The under-earth inhabitants — are they
But mingled millions decomposed to clay?
The ashes of a thousand ages spread
Wherever man has trodden or shall tread?
Or do they in their silent cities dwell
Each in his incommunicative cell?
Or have they their own language? and a sense
Of breathless being? — darken'd and intense
As midnight in her solitude? — Oh Earth!
Where are the past? — and wherefore had they birth?
The dead are thy inheritors — and we
But bubbles on thy surface; and the key
Of thy profundity is in the grave,
The ebon portal of thy peopled cave,
Where I would walk in spirit, and behold
Our elements resolved to things untold,
And fathom hidden wonders and explore
The essence of great bosoms now no more.

* * * * *

Diodati, July, 1816.

SONNET TO LAKE LEMA

ROUSSEAU — Voltaire — our Gibbon — and
Leman! [1] these names are worthy of thy
Thy shore of names like these! wert the
Their memory thy remembrance would re
To them thy banks were lovely as to all,
But they have made them lovelier, for t
Of mighty minds doth hallow in the cor
Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous; b
How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we
In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
Which of the heirs of immortality
Is proud, and makes the breath of glory re

Diodat

[1] Geneva, Ferney, Copet, Lausanne — [See Childe st. 68. — "I have," says Lord Byron, "traversed ground with the Héloïse before me, and am stru that I cannot express, with the force and accuracy tions, and the beauty of their reality. I enclose Gibbon's acacia and some rose-leaves from his g with part of his house, I have just seen. You wil able mention, in his Life, made of this acacia, when on the night of concluding his history. Madame made Copet as agreeable as society can make any pl *Byron Letters*, 1816.]

ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO

DEL

SITIO Y TOMA DE ALHAMA.[1]

El qual dezia en Aravigo assi.

I.

Passeavase el Rey Moro
Por la ciudad de Granada,
Desde las puertas de Elvira
Hasta las de Bivarambla.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

II.

Cartas le fueron venidas
Que Alhama era ganada.
Las cartas echò en el fuego,
Y al mensagero matava.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

III.

Descavalga de una mula,
Y en un cavallo cavalga.
Por el Zacatin arriba
Subido se avia al Alhambra.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

IV.

Como en el Alhambra estuvo,
Al mismo punto mandava

[1] *dject of the* original ballad—which existed both in Spanis

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD

ON THE

SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA.

Which, in the Arabic language, is to the following purport.

I.

The Moorish King rides up and down,
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's Gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!

II.

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell:
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

III.

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me, Alhama!

IV.

When the Alambra walls he gain'd,
On the moment he ordain'd

d Arabic — was such, that it was forbidden to be sung by the ors, on pain of death, within Granada.

Que se toquen las trompetas
Con añafiles de plata.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

v.

Y que atambores de guerra
Apriessa toquen alarma;
Por que lo oygan sus Moros,
Los de la Vega y Granada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

vi.

Los Moros que el son oyeron,
Que al sangriento Marte llama,
Uno a uno, y dos a dos,
Un gran esquadron formavan.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

vii.

Alli hablò un Moro viejo;
Desta manera hablava: —
Para que nos llamas, Rey?
Para que es este llamada?
Ay de mi, Alhama!

viii.

Aveys de saber, amigos,
Una nueva desdichada:
Que Christianos, con braveza,
Ya nos han tomado Alhama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

ix.

Alli hablò un viejo Alfaqui,
De barba crecida y cana: —

That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Woe is me, Alhama!

v.

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain.
Woe is me, Alhama!

vi.

Then the Moors, by this aware,
That bloody Mars recall'd them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

vii.

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before,
"Wherefore call on us, oh King?
What may mean this gathering?"
Woe is me, Alhama!

viii.

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow,
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtain'd Alhama's hold."
Woe is me, Alhama!

ix.

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see,

Bien se te emplea, buen Rey,
Buen Rey; bien se empleava.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

x.

Mataste los Bencerrages,
Que era la flor de Granada;
Cogiste los tornadizos
De Cordova la nombrada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

xi.

Por esso mereces, Rey,
Una pene bien doblada;
Que te pierdas tu y el reyno,
Y que se pierda Granada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

xii.

Si no se respetan leyes,
Es ley que todo se pierda;
Y que se pierda Granada,
Y que te pierdas en ella.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

xiii.

Fuego por los ojos vierte,
El Rey que esto oyera.
Y como el otro de leyes
De leyes tambien hablava.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

xiv.

Sabe un Rey que no ay leyes
De darle a Reyes disgusto —

" Good King! thou art justly served,
Good King! this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama!

X.

" By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the Chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XI.

" And for this, oh King! is sent
On thee a double chastisement:
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XII.

" He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Woe is me, Alhama!

XIII.

Fire flash'd from out the old Moor's eyes,
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answer'd, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XIV.

" There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings:"—

Esso dize el Rey Moro
Relinchando de colera.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XV.

Moro Alfaqui, Moro Alfaqui,
El de la vellida barba,
El Rey te manda prender,
Por la perdida de Alhama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XVI.

Y cortarte la cabeza,
Y ponerla en el Alhambra,
Por que a ti castigo sea
Y otros tiemblen en miralla.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XVII.

Cavalleros, hombres buenos,
Dezid de mi parte al Rey,
Al Rey Moro de Granada,
Como no le devo nada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XVIII.

De averse Alhama perdido
A mi me pesa en al alma.
Que si el Rey perdiò su ti erra,
Otro mucho mas perdiera.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XIX.

Perdieran hijos padres,
Y casados las casadas:

Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish King, and doom'd him dead.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XV.

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The King hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XVI.

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XVII.

"Cavalier, and man of worth!
Let these words of mine go forth;
Let the Moorish Monarch know,
That to him I nothing owe.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XVIII.

"But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inmost spirit preys;
And if the King his land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XIX.

"Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives!

Las cosas que mas amara
Perdiò l' un y el otro fama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XX.

Perdi una hija donzella
Que era la flor d' esta tierra,
Cien doblas dava por ella,
No me las estimo en nada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XXI.

Diziendo assi al hacen Alfaqui,
Le cortaron le cabeça,
Y la elevan al Alhambra,
Assi come el Rey lo manda.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XXII.

Hombres, niños y mugeres,
Lloran tan grande perdida.
Lloravan todas las damas
Quantas en Granada avia.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XXIII.

Por las calles y ventanas
Mucho luto parecia;
Llora el Rey como fembra,
Qu' es mucho lo que perdia.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XX.

"I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
And think her ransom cheap that day."
Woe is me, Alhama!

XXI.

And as these things the old Moor said,
They sever'd from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
'T was carried, as the King decreed.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XXII.

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XXIII.

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.
Woe is me, Alhama!

SONETTO DI VITTORELLI.

PER MONACA.

Sonetto composto in nome di un genitore, a cui era morta poco innanzi una figlia appena maritata: è diretto al genitore della sacra sposa.

Di due vaghe donzelle, oneste, accorte
Lieti e miseri padri il ciel ne feo,
Il ciel, che degne di più nobil sorte
L' una e l' altra veggendo, ambo chiedeo.
La mia fu tolta da veloce morte
A le fumanti tede d' imeneo:
La tua, Francesco, in sugellate porte
Eterna prigioniera or si rendeo.
Ma tu almeno potrai de la gelosa
Irremeabil soglia, ove s' asconde,
La sua tenera udir voce pietosa.
Io verso un fiume d' amarissim' onde,
Corro a quel marmo, in cui la figlia or posa,
Batto, e ribatto, ma nessun risponde.

TRANSLATION FROM VITTORELLI.

ON A NUN.

Sonnet composed in the name of a father, whose daughter had recently died shortly after her marriage; and addressed to the father of her who had lately taken the veil.

Of two fair virgins, modest, though admired,
Heaven made us happy; and now, wretched sires,
Heaven for a nobler doom their worth desires,
And gazing upon *either, both* required.
Mine, while the torch of Hymen newly fired
Becomes extinguish'd, soon — too soon — expires:
But thine, within the closing grate retired,
Eternal captive, to her God aspires.
But *thou* at least from out the jealous door,
Which shuts between your never-meeting eyes,
Mays't hear her sweet and pious voice once more:
I to the marble, where *my daughter* lies,
Rush, — the swoln flood of bitterness I pour,
And knock, and knock, and knock — but none replies.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I.

Bright be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine
When we know that thy God is with thee.

II.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be!
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest?

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I.

They say that Hope is happiness;
But genuine Love must prize the past,
And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless:
They rose the first — they set the last;

II.

And all that Memory loves the most
Was once our only Hope to be,
And all that Hope adored and lost
Hath melted into Memory.

III.

Alas! it is delusion all:
The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare we think on what we are.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

I.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here 's a double health to thee!

II.

Here 's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky 's above me,
Here 's a heart for every fate.

III.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

IV.

Wer 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'T is to thee that I would drink.

V.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be — peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.[1]

ON THE BUST OF HELEN BY CANOVA.[2]

In this beloved marble view,
Above the works and thoughts of man,
What Nature *could*, but *would not*, do,
And Beauty and Canova *can!*
Beyond imagination's power,
Beyond the Bard's defeated art,
With immortality her dower,
Behold the *Helen* of the *heart!*

November, 1816.

[1] ["This should have been written fifteen months ago; the first stanza was. I am just come out from an hour's swim in the Adriatic."—*Lord B. to Mr. Moore*, July 10. 1817.]

[2] ["The Helen of Canova (a bust which is in the house of Madame the Countess d'Albrizzi) is," says Lord Byron, "without exception, to my mind, the most perfectly beautiful of human conceptions, and far beyond my ideas of human execution."—*Lord B. to Mr. Murray*, Nov. 25. 1816.]

SONG FOR THE LUDDITES.

I.

As the Liberty lads o'er the sea
Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,
So we, boys, we
Will *die* fighting, or *live* free,
And down with all kings but King Ludd!

II.

When the web that we weave is complete,
And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,
We will fling the winding sheet
O'er the despot at our feet,
And die it deep in the gore he has pour'd.

III.

Though black as his heart its hue,
Since his veins are corrupted to mud,
Yet this is the dew
Which the tree shall renew
Of Liberty, planted by Ludd!

SO, WE 'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING

I.

So, we 'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

II.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

III.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we 'll go no more a roving
By the light of the moon.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

What are you doing now,
Oh Thomas Moore?
What are you doing now,
Oh Thomas Moore?
Sighing or suing now,
Rhyming or wooing now,
Billing or cooing now,
Which, Thomas Moore?

But the Carnival 's coming,
Oh Thomas Moore!
The Carnival 's coming,
Oh Thomas Moore!
Masking and humming,
Fifing and drumming, [1]
Guitarring and strumming,
Oh Thomas Moore!

[1] ["And there are songs and quavers, roaring, h
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.'

VERSICLES.[1]

I READ the "Christabel;"
Very well:
I read the "Missionary;"
Pretty — very:
I tried at "Ilderim;"
Ahem!
I read a sheet of "Marg'ret of *Anjou*;"
Can you?
I turn'd a page of Scott's "Waterloo;"
Pooh! pooh!
I look'd at Wordsworth's milk-white "Rylstone Doe;"
Hillo!
&c. &c. &c.

March, 1817.

TO MR. MURRAY.

To hook the reader, you, John Murray
Have publish'd "Anjou's Margaret,"
Which won't be sold off in a hurry
(At least, it has not been as yet);

[1] ["I have been ill with a slow fever, which at last took to flying, and became as quick as need be. But, at length, after a week of half delirium, burning skin, thirst, hot headach, horrible pulsation, and no sleep, by the blessing of barley water, and refusing to see my physician, I recovered. It is an epidemic of the place. Here are some versicles which I made one sleepless night." — *Lord Byron to Mr. Moore*, March 25. 1817.

[2] [The "Missionary" was written by Mr. Bowles, "Ilderim" by Mr. Gally Knight, and "Margaret of Anjou" by Miss Holford.]

And then, still further to bewilder 'em,
Without remorse, you set up "Ilderim;"
So mind you don't get into debt,
Because as how, if you should fail,
These books would be but baddish bail.

And mind you do *not* let escape
These rhymes to Morning Post or Perry,
Which would be *very* treacherous — *very*,
And get me into such a scrape!
For, firstly, I should have to sally,
All in my little boat, against a *Galley*;
And, should I chance to slay the Assyrian wight,
Have next to combat with the female knight.

March 25, 1817.

THE LAMENT OF TASSO.[1]

ADVERTISEMENT.

At Ferrara, in the Library, are preserved the c
MSS. of Tasso's Gierusalemme and of Guarini's

[1] [In a moment of dissatisfaction with himself, or
some melancholy mood, when his soul felt the worth
of fame and glory, Lord Byron told the world that h
should, for a long season, shroud herself in solitude; a
true lover of genius lamented that her lofty music was
But there was a tide in his spirit obeying the law
nature, and not to be controlled by any human will.
said that he was to be silent, he looked, perhaps, into t
regions of his soul, and saw there a dim, hard, and cheerle
like the sand of the sea shore; but the ebbed waves o
in due course returned, and the scene was restored to it
beauty and magnificence, — its foam, its splendours, and
der. The mind of a mighty poet cannot submit even to
its own imposing: when it feels most enslaved, even th
haps, it is about to become most free; and one sudden
raise it from the darkness of its despondency up to the p
untroubled confidence. It required, therefore, but sma
ledge of human nature, to assure ourselves that the o
under which Lord Byron had laid himself could not
that the potent spirit within him would laugh to scorn
dared to curb the frenzy of its own inspirations.

It was not long, therefore, till he again came forth in h
strength, and exercised that dominion over our spirits
truly a power too noble to be possessed without being
Though all his heroes are of one family, yet are they a nc
of brothers, whose countenances and whose souls are
distinguished by peculiar characteristics. Each persona
advances before us, reminds us of some other being, who
thoughts, words, and deeds had troubled us by their
perturbed grandeur. But though all the same, yet are
strangely different. We hail each successive existenc
profounder sympathy; and we are lost in wonder, in fea
sorrow, at the infinitely varied struggles, the endless
nising modifications of the human passions, as they dri
through every gate and avenue of the soul, darkening or l
ing, elevating or laying prostrate.

From such agitating and terrific pictures, it is delightfu
to those compositions in which Lord Byron has allowed

Fido, with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto, and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house, of the latter. But, as misfortune has a greater interest for posterity, and little or none for the cotemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anna attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto — at least it had this effect on me. There are two inscriptions, one on the outer gate, the second over the cell itself, inviting, unnecessarily, the wonder and the indignation of the spectator. Ferrara is much decayed, and depopulated:

---

beautiful and pathetic strains have flowed from his heart, of which the tenderness is as touching as the grandeur of his nobler works is agitating and sublime. To those, indeed, who looked deeply into his poetry, there never was at any time a want of pathos; but it was a pathos so subduing and so profound, that even the poet himself seemed afraid of being delivered up unto it; nay, he seemed ashamed of being overcome by emotions, which the gloomy pride of his intellect often vainly strove to scorn; and he dashed the weakness from his heart, and the tear from his eyes, like a man suddenly assailed by feelings which he wished to hide, and which, though true to his nature, were inconsistent with the character which that mysterious nature had been forced, as in self-defence, to assume.

But there is one poem in which he has almost wholly laid aside all remembrance of the darker and stormier passions; in which the tone of his spirit and his voice at once is changed, and where he who seemed to care only for agonies, and remorse, and despair, and death, and insanity, in all their most appalling forms, shows that he has a heart that can feed on the purest sympathies of our nature, and deliver itself up to the sorrows, the sadness, and the melancholy of humbler souls. The "Lament" possesses much of the tenderness and pathos of the "Prisoner of Chillon." Lord Byron has not delivered himself unto any one wild and fearful vision of the imprisoned Tasso, — he has not dared to allow himself to rush forward with headlong passion into the horrors of his dungeon, and to describe, as he could fearfully have done, the conflict and agony of his uttermost despair, — but he shows us the poet sitting in his cell, and singing there — a low, melancholy, wailing Lament, sometimes, indeed, bordering on utter wretchedness, but oftener partaking of a settled grief, occasionally subdued into mournful resignation, cheered by delightful remembrances, and elevated by the confident hope of an immortal [illegible]. — Professor Wilson.]

the castle still exists entire; and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the annal of Gibbon.[1]

I.

Long years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear
And eagle-spirit of a child of Song—
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,[2]
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,

[1] [The original MS. of this poem is dated, "The Apennines, April 20. 1817." It was written in consequence of Lord Byron having visited Ferrara, for a single day, on his way to Florence. In a letter from Rome, he says—"The 'Lament of Tasso' has, I trust, arrived. I look upon it as a 'These be good rhymes!' as Pope's papa said to him when he was a boy."]

[2] [Tasso's biographer, the Abate Serassi, has left it without doubt, that the first cause of the poet's punishment was his desire to be occasionally, or altogether, free from this servitude at the court of Alfonso. In 1575, Tasso resolved to visit Rome, and enjoy the indulgence of the jubilee; "and this error," says the Abate, "increasing the suspicion already entertained, that he was in search of another service, was the origin of his misfortunes. On his return to Ferrara, the Duke refused to admit him to an audience, and he was repulsed from the houses of all the dependants of the court; and not one of the promises which the Cardinal Albano had obtained for him were carried into effect. Then it was that Tasso—after having suffered these hardships for some time, seeing himself constantly discountenanced by the Duke and the Princesses, abandoned by his friends, and derided by his enemies—could no longer contain himself within the bounds of moderation, but, giving vent to his choler, publicly broke forth into the most injurious expressions imaginable, both against the Duke and all the house of Este, cursing his past service, and retracting all the praises he had ever given in his verses to those princes, or to any individual connected with them. For this offence he was arrested, conducted to the hospital of St. Anna, and confined in a solitary cell as a madman."]

And bare, at once, [illegible]
Stands scoffing through the never-[illegible]
Which nothing through its bars admits, save day,
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave
Which is my lair, and — it may be — my grave.[1]
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;
And revell'd among men and things divine,
And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for Him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,

[1] [In the hospital of St. Anna, at Ferrara, they show over the door of which is the following inscription: — "tate, O posteri, la celebrità di questa stanza, dove T Tasso, infermo più di tristezza che delirio, ditenuto dim[illegible] mesi ii., scrisse verse e prose, e fù rimesso in libert[illegible] [illegible] di Bergamo, del giorno vi. Luglio, 1586. [illegible] floor of the hospital, and

For he has strengthen'd me in heart and limb.
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
I have employ'd my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won and how ador'd.

II.

But this is o'er — my pleasant task is done: — [1]
My long-sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet sight,
Thou too art gone — and so is my delight:
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
Thou too art ended — what is left me now?
For I have anguish yet to bear — and how?
I know not that — but in the innate force
Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
Nor cause for such: they call'd me mad — and why?
Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply? [2]

[1] [The opening lines bring the poet before us at once, as if the door of the dungeon was thrown open. From this bitter complaint, how nobly the unconquered bard rises into calm, and serene, and dignified exultation over the beauty of "that young creation, his soul's child," the Gierusalemme Liberata. The exultation of conscious genius then dies away, and we behold him "bound between distraction and disease," no longer in an inspired mood, but sunk into the lowest prostration of human misery. There is something terrible in this transition from divine rapture to degraded agony. — WILSON.]

[2] [In a letter written to his friend Scipio Gonzaga, shortly after his confinement, Tasso exclaims — "Ah, wretched me! I had designed to write, besides two epic poems of most noble argument, four tragedies, of which I had formed the plan. I had schemed, too, many works in prose, on subjects the most lofty, and most

I was indeed delirious in my heart
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
But still my frenzy was not of the mind;
I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
Not less because I suffer it unbent.
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind;
But let them go, or torture as they will,
My heart can multiply thine image still;
Successful love may sate itself away,
The wretched are the faithful; 't is their fate
To have all feeling save the one decay,
And every passion into one dilate,
As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

III.

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry
Of minds and bodies in captivity.
And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,
And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!
There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,
Some who do still goad on the o'er-labour'd mind,
And dim the little light that 's left behind

---

useful to human life; I had designed to write philosophy with eloquence, in such a manner that there might remain of me an eternal memory in the world. Alas! I had expected to close my life with glory and renown; but now, oppressed by the burden of so many calamities, I have lost every prospect of reputation and of honour. The fear of perpetual imprisonment increases my melancholy; the indignities which I suffer augment it; and the squalor of my beard, my hair, and habit, the sordidness and filth, exceedingly annoy me. Sure am I, that if SHE who so little has corresponded to my attachment — if she saw me in such a state, and in such affliction — she would have some compassion on me." *Opere*, t. x. p. 387.]

With needless torture, as their tyrant will
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill: [1]
With these and with their victims am I class'd,
'Mid sounds and sights like these long years have pass'd;
'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may close:
So let it be — for then I shall repose.

IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet;
I had forgotten half I would forget,
But it revives — Oh! would it were my lot
To be forgetful as I am forgot! —
Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell
In this vast lazar-house of many woes?
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
Nor words a language, nor ev'n men mankind;
Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
And each is tortured in his separate hell —
For we are crowded in our solitudes —
Many, but each divided by the wall,
Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods; —
While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call —
None! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,[2]

[1] [For nearly the first year of his confinement, Tasso endured all the horrors of a solitary cell, and was under the care of a gaoler whose chief virtue, although he was a poet and a man of letters, was a cruel obedience to the commands of his prince. His name was Agostino Mosti. Tasso says of him, in a letter to his sister, "ed usa meco ogni sorte di rigore ed inumanità." — HOBHOUSE.]

[2] [This fearful picture is finely contrasted with that which Tasso draws of himself in youth, when nature and meditation were forming his wild, romantic, and impassioned genius. Indeed, the great excellence of the "Lament" consists in the ebbing and flowing of the noble prisoner's soul; — his feelings often come suddenly from afar off, — sometimes gentle airs are breathing, and then all at once arise the storms and tempest, — the gloom, though black as night while it endures, gives way to frequent bursts of

Who was not made to be the mate of these,
Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.
Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here?
Who have debased me in the minds of men,
Debarring me the usage of my own,
Blighting my life in best of its career,
Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear?
Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
And teach them inward Sorrow's stifled groan?
The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
Which undermines our Stoical success?
No! — still too proud to be vindictive — I
Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would die.
Yes, Sister of my Sovereign! for thy sake
I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
It hath no business where *thou* art a guest;
Thy brother hates — but I can not detest; [1]
Thou pitiest not — but I can not forsake.

v.

Look on a love which knows not to despair, [2]
But all unquench'd is still my better part,

---

radiance, — and when the wild strain is closed, our pity and commiseration are blended with a sustaining and elevating sense of the grandeur and majesty of his character. — WILSON.]

[1] [Not long after his imprisonment, Tasso appealed to the mercy of Alfonso, in a canzone of great beauty, couched in terms so respectful and pathetic, as must have moved, it might be thought, the severest bosom to relent. The heart of Alfonso was, however, impregnable to the appeal; and Tasso, in another ode to the princesses, whose pity he invoked in the name of their own mother, who had herself known, if not the like horrors, the like solitude of imprisonment, and bitterness of soul, made a similar appeal. "Considered merely as poems," says Black, "these canzoni are extremely beautiful; but, if we contemplate them as the productions of a mind diseased, they form important documents in the history of man." — *Life of Tasso*, vol. ii. p. 408.]

[2] [*As to* the indifference which the Princess is said to have

Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,
As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,
Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,
Till struck, — forth flies the all-ethereal dart!
And thus at the collision of thy name,
The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,
And for a moment all things as they were
Flit by me; — they are gone — I am the same.
And yet my love without ambition grew;
I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
A Princess was no love-mate for a bard;
I told it not, I breathed it not, it was
Sufficient to itself, its own reward;
And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas!
Were punish'd by the silentness of thine,
And yet I did not venture to repine.
Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,
Worshipp'd at holy distance, and around
Hallow'd and meekly kiss'd the saintly ground;
Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love
Had robed thee with a glory, and array'd
Thy lineaments in beauty that dismay'd —
Oh! not dismay'd — but awed, like One above!
And in that sweet severity there was
A something which all softness did surpass —
I know not how — thy genius master'd mine —
My star stood still before thee: — if it were
Presumptuous thus to love without design,

---

exhibited for the misfortunes of Tasso, and the little effort she made to obtain his liberty, this is one of the negative arguments founded on an hypothesis that may be easily destroyed by a thousand others equally plausible. Was not the Princess anxious to avoid her own ruin? In taking too warm an interest for the poet, did she not risk destroying herself, without saving him? — Foscolo.]

That sad fatality hath cost me dear;
But thou art dearest still, and I should be
Fit for this cell, which wrongs me — but for *thee*.
The very love which lock'd me to my chain
Hath lighten'd half its weight; and for the rest,
Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
And look to thee with undivided breast,
And foil the ingenuity of Pain.[1]

VI.

It is no marvel — from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love, — which did pervade
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;
Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,
Though I was chid for wandering; and the wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said,
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe,
And that the only lesson was a blow; —
And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt
Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again
The visions which arise without a sleep.
And with my years my soul began to pant
With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain;
And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,
But undefined and wandering, till the day

[1] [Tasso's profound and unconquerable love for Leonora, sustaining itself without hope throughout years of darkness and solitude, breathes a moral dignity over all his sentiments, and we feel the strength and power of his noble spirit in the *unwaiding* devotedness of his passion. — WILSON.]

I found the thing I sought — and that was thee;
And then I lost my being, all to be
Absorb'd in thine — the world was past away —
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me!

VII.

I loved all Solitude — but little thought
To spend I know not what of life, remote
From all communion with existence, save
The maniac and his tyrant; — had I been
Their fellow, many years ere this had seen
My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave: [1]
But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave?
Perchance in such a cell we suffer more
Than the wreck'd sailor on his desert shore;
The world is all before him — *mine* is *here*,
Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier.
What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye,
And with a dying glance upbraid the sky —
I will not raise my own in such reproof,
Although 't is clouded by my dungeon roof.

VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline, [2]
But with a sense of its decay: — I see

[1] ["My mind like theirs adapted to its grave." — MS.]

[2] ["Nor do I lament," wrote Tasso, shortly after his confinement, "that my heart, is deluged with almost constant misery, that my head is always heavy and often painful, that my sight and hearing are much impaired, and that all my frame is become spare and meagre; but, passing all this with a short sigh, what I would bewail is the infirmity of my mind. My mind sleeps, not thinks; my fancy is chill, and forms no pictures; my negligent senses will no longer furnish the images of things; my hand is sluggish in writing, and my pen seems as if it shrunk from the office. I feel as if I were chained in all my operations, and as if I were overcome by an unwonted numbness and oppressive stupor." — *Opere*, t. viii. p. 258.]

Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
And a strange demon, who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and the free;
But much to One, who long hath suffered so,
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
And all that may be borne, or can debase.
I thought mine enemies had been but Man,
But spirits may be leagued with them — all Earth
Abandons — Heaven forgets me: — in the dearth
Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,
It may be, tempt me further, — and prevail
Against the outworn creature they assail.
Why in this furnace is my spirit proved,
Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved?
Because I loved what not to love, and see,
Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

IX.

I once was quick in feeling — that is o'er; —
My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd
My brain against these bars, as the sun flash'd
In mockery through them: — If I bear and bore
The much I have recounted, and the more
Which hath no words, — 't is that I would not die
And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame
Stamp Madness deep into my memory,
And woo Compassion to a blighted name,
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.
No — it shall be immortal! — and I make
A future temple of my present cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.[1]

[1] ["Which {nations yet / after days} shall visit for my sake." — MS.]

While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
And crumbling piecemeal view thy hearthless halls,
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown, —
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls! [1]
And thou, Leonora! — thou — who wert ashamed
That such as I could love — who blush'd to hear
To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,
Go! tell thy brother, that my heart, untamed
By grief, years, weariness — and it may be
A taint of that he would impute to me —
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,
Adores thee still; — and add — that when the towers
And battlements which guard his joyous hours
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
Or left untended in a dull repose,
This — this — shall be a consecrated spot!
But thou — when all that Birth and Beauty throws
Of magic round thee is extinct — shalt have
One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave. [2]

[1] [Those who indulge in the dreams of earthly retribution will observe, that the cruelty of Alfonso was not left without its recompense, even in his own person. He survived the affection of his subjects and of his dependants, who deserted him at his death; and suffered his body to be interred without princely or decent honours. His last wishes were neglected: his testament cancelled. His kinsman, Don Cæsar, shrank from the excommunication of the Vatican, and, after a short struggle, or rather suspense, Ferrara passed away for ever from the dominion of the house of Este. — HOBHOUSE.]

[2] [In July, 1586, after a confinement of more than seven years, Tasso was released from his dungeon. In the hope of receiving his mother's dowry, and of again beholding his sister Cornelia, he shortly after visited Naples, where his presence was welcomed with every demonstration of esteem and admiration. Being on a visit at Mola di Gaeta, he received the following remarkable tribute o

No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever — but too late![1]

respect. Marco di Sciarra, the notorious captain of a numerous troop of banditti, hearing where the great poet was, sent to compliment him, and offered him not only a free passage, but protection by the way, and assured him that he and his followers would be proud to execute his orders.—See *Manso, Vita del Tasso*, p. 219.]

[1] [The "pleasures of imagination" have been explained and justified by Addison in prose, and by Akenside in verse: but there are moments of real life when its miseries and its necessities seem to overpower and destroy them. The history of mankind, however, furnishes proofs that no bodily suffering, no adverse circumstances, operating on our material nature, will extinguish the spirit of imagination. Perhaps there is no instance of this so very affecting and so very sublime as the case of Tasso. They who have seen the dark, horror-striking dungeon-hole at Ferrara, in which he was confined seven years under the imputation of madness, will have had this truth impressed upon their hearts in a manner never to be erased. In this vault, of which the sight makes the hardest heart shudder, the poet employed himself in finishing and correcting his immortal epic poem. Lord Byron's "Lament" on this subject is as sublime and profound a lesson in morality, and in the pictures of the recesses of the human soul, as it is a production most eloquent, most pathetic, most vigorous, and most elevating among the gifts of the Muse. The bosom which is not touched with it — the fancy which is not warmed — the understanding which is not enlightened and exalted by it, is not fit for human intercourse. If Lord Byron had written nothing but this, to deny him the praise of a grand poet would have been flagrant injustice or gross stupidity. — Brydges.]

EPISTLE FROM MR. MURRAY TO DR. POLIDORI.[1]

Dear Doctor, I have read your play,
Which is a good one in its way, —
Purges the eyes and moves the bowels,
And drenches handkerchiefs like towels
With tears, that, in a flux of grief,
Afford hysterical relief
To shatter'd nerves and quicken'd pulses,
Which your catastrophe convulses.

I like your moral and machinery;
Your plot, too, has such scope for scenery;
Your dialogue is apt and smart;
The play's concoction full of art;
Your hero raves, your heroine cries,
All stab, and every body dies.
In short, your tragedy would be
The very thing to hear and see:
And for a piece of publication,
If I decline on this occasion,
It is not that I am not sensible
To merits in themselves ostensible,
But — and I grieve to speak it — plays
Are drugs — mere drugs, sir — now-a-days.

[1] [For some particulars relating to Dr. Polidori see Moore's "Notices." "I never," says Lord Byron, "was much more disgusted with any human production than with the eternal nonsense, and tracassaries, and emptiness, and ill-humour, and vanity of this young person; but he has some talent, and is a man of honour, and has dispositions of amendment. Therefore use your interest for him, for he is improved and improvable. You want a 'civil and delicate declension' for the medical tragedy? Take it."— *Lord Byron to Mr. Murray*, Aug. 21. 1817.]

I had a heavy loss by "Manuel," —
Too lucky if it prove not annual, —
And Sotheby, with his "Orestes,"
(Which, by the by, the author's best is,)
Has lain so very long on hand,
That I despair of all demand.
I've advertised, but see my books,
Or only watch my shopman's looks; —
Still Ivan, Ina, and such lumber,
My back-shop glut, my shelves encumber.

There's Byron too, who once did better,
Has sent me, folded in a letter,
A sort of — it's no more a drama
Than Darnley, Ivan, or Kehama;
So alter'd since last year his pen is,
I think he's lost his wits at Venice.
In short, sir, what with one and t' other,
I dare not venture on another.
I write in haste; excuse each blunder;
The coaches through the street so thunder!
My room 's so full — we 've Gifford here
Reading MS., with Hookham Frere,
Pronouncing on the nouns and particles,
Of some of our forthcoming Articles.

The Quarterly — Ah, sir, if you
Had but the genius to review! —
A smart critique upon St. Helena,
Or if you only would but tell in a
Short compass what —— but, to resume:
As I was saying, sir, the room —
The room 's so full of wits and bards,
Crabbes, Campbells, Crokers, Freres, and Wards,

And others, neither bards nor wits: —
My humble tenement admits
All persons in the dress of gent,
From Mr. Hammond to Dog Dent.

A party dines with me to-day,
All clever men, who make their way:
Crabbe, Malcolm, Hamilton, and Chantrey,
Are all partakers of my pantry.
They 're at this moment in discussion
On poor De Staël's late dissolution.
Her book, they say, was in advance —
Pray Heaven, she tell the truth of France!
Thus run our time and tongues away, —
But, to return, sir, to your play:
Sorry, sir, but I cannot deal,
Unless 't were acted by O'Neill,
My hands so full, my head so busy,
I 'm almost dead, and always dizzy;
And so, with endless truth and hurry,
Dear Doctor, I am yours,

JOHN MURRAY.
August, 1817.

EPISTLE TO MR. MURRAY.

MY dear Mr. Murray,
You 're in a damn'd hurry
To set up this ultimate Canto; [1]
But (if they don't rob us)
You 'll see Mr. Hobhouse
Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.

[1] [The fourth canto of "Childe Harold."]

For the Journal you hint of,
As ready to print off,
No doubt you do right to commend it;
But as yet I have writ off
The devil a bit of
Our "Beppo:" — when copied, I 'll send it.

Then you 've * * * * 's Tour, —
No great things, to be sure, —
You could hardly begin with a less work;
For the pompous rascallion,
Who don't speak Italian
Nor French, must have scribbled by guesswork.

You can make any loss up
With "Spence" and his gossip,
A work which must surely succeed;
Then Queen Mary's Epistle-craft,
With the new "Fytte" of "Whistlecraft,"
Must make people purchase and read.

Then you 've General Gordon,
Who girded his sword on,
To serve with a Muscovite master,
And help him to polish
A nation so owlish,
They thought shaving their beards a disaster.

For the man, "poor and shrewd," [1]
With whom you 'd conclude
A compact without more delay,
Perhaps some such pen is
Still extant in Venice;
But please, sir, to mention *your pay.*

Venice, January 8. 1818.

[1] *Vide* your letter.

TO MR. MURRAY.

STRAHAN, Tonson, Lintot of the times,
Patron and publisher of rhymes,
For thee the bard up Pindus climbs,
My Murray.

To thee, with hope and terror dumb,
The unfledged MS. authors come;
Thou printest all — and sellest some —
My Murray.

Upon thy table's baize so green
The last new Quarterly is seen, —
But where is thy new Magazine,
My Murray?

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine —
The "Art of Cookery," and mine,
My Murray.

Tours, Travels, Essays, too, I wist,
And Sermons to thy mill bring grist;
And then thou hast the "Navy List,"
My Murray.

And Heaven forbid I should conclude,
Without "the Board of Longitude,"
Although this narrow paper would,
My Murray.

Venice, March 25. 1818.

ON THE BIRTH OF JOHN WILLIA RIZZO HOPPNER.

His father's sense, his mother's grace,
In him, I hope, will always fit so;
With — still to keep him in good case —
The health and appetite of Rizzo.[1]

February, 18

[1] [On the birth of this child, the son of the British vice-c at Venice, Lord Byron wrote these lines. They are in no respect remarkable, than that they were thought worthy of metrically translated into no less than ten different langu namely Greek, Latin, Italian (also in the Venetian dialect), man, French, Spanish, Illyrian, Hebrew, Armenian, and S ritan. The original lines, with the different versions mentioned, were printed, in a small neat volume, in the semi of Padua; from which we take the following: —

GREEK.

Φρὴν πυκνὴ Πατρὸς καὶ Μητέρος ἀγλαὸν εἶδος
Ἀστιτόκου κοσμοι νοῦν τι, δ᾽ μαχς τι βρέφους·
Ὀφρα δὶ παντὶ βίῳ ἡ ὰλζιος, αἰὶν ἑαυτοῦ
Σχαίη παὶς Ρίζου καὶ γάνος ἡδὶ βίην.

LATIN.

Magnanimos Patris verset sub pectore sensus,
Maternus roseo fulgeat ore decor;
Neu quid felici desit, quo robore Rizzus
Festivo pollet, polleat iste puer.

ITALIAN.

Del Padre il senno, e il bel materno aspetto
Splendano ognora in Te, fanciul diletto:
Felice appien! se al tuo corporeo velo
Dona il lieto vigor di Rizzo il cielo.

THE VENETIAN DIALECT.

De graziete el to modelo
Sia la Mama, bel Putelo.
E 'l talento del Papà
In ti cressa co l' età;
E per salsa, o contentin
Roba a Rizzo el so morbin.

FRENCH.

Sois en tout fortuné, semillant Jouvenceau
Porte dans les festins la valeur de Rizzo,
Porte au barreau l'esprit que fait briller ton père,
Et pour vaincre — au boudoir sois beau comme ta mère.

SPANISH.

Si á la gracia materna el gusto ayuntas
Y cordura del Padre, o bello Infante,
Serás feliz, y lo serás bastante;
Mas, si felicidad guieres completa,
Sé, como Rizo, alegre, sé un at leta.

ILLYRIAN.

Ako ti sjagnu — Otçieve kriposti
Budesc zadrusciti — majçinu ghisdavost,
Prisladki ditichiu —, srichjansi zadosti.
Ako pak narav — ti budesc sliditi
Rizza privesela —, gnegovu inasladost,
Srichjnia od tebe — nechiesce viditi.

GERMAN.

Aus des Kindes Auge ſtrahlet
Seines Vaters hoher Sinn,
Und der Mutter Schönheit malet
Sich in Wange, Mund, und Kinn.
Glücklich Kleiner wirſt du ſeyn,
Kannſt du Rizzo 's frohen Muthes,
Seines feurigen Blutes,
Seiner Stärke dich erfreu 'n.

HEBREW.

הָכְמַת אָבִיךָ לְךָ יִהְיֶה
יוֹפִי אִמְּךָ לָךְ תּוֹפִיעַ
עֲוּז לֵב רִיצוֹ לָךְ תַּרְנִיעַ
גַּם חֵי שָׁלוֹם אַתָּה תִּהְיֶה.

ODE ON VENICE.[1]

I.

Oh Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea!
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
What should thy sons do? — any thing but weep:
And yet they only murmur in their sleep.
In contrast with their fathers — as the slime,
The dull green ooze of the receding deep,
Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam
That drives the sailor shipless to his home,
Are they to those that were; and thus they creep,
Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets.
Oh! agony — that centuries should reap
No mellower harvest! Thirteen hundred years
Of wealth and glory turn'd to dust and tears;
And every monument the stranger meets,
Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets;
And even the Lion all subdued appears,
And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum,
With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
The echo of thy tyrant's voice along
The soft waves, once all musical to song,
That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
Of gondolas — and to the busy hum
Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds
Were but the overbeating of the heart,

[1] [This Ode was transmitted from Venice, in 1819, along with "Mazeppa."]

And flow of too much happiness, which needs
The aid of age to turn its course apart
From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood
Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.
But these are better than the gloomy errors,
The weeds of nations in their last decay,
When Vice walks forth with her unsoften'd terrors,
And Mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay;
And Hope is nothing but a false delay,
The sick man's lightning half an hour ere death,
When Faintness, the last mortal birth of Pain,
And apathy of limb, the dull beginning
Of the cold staggering race which Death is winning,
Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away;
Yet so relieving the o'er-tortured clay,
To him appears renewal of his breath,
And freedom the mere numbness of his chain; —
And then he talks of life, and how again
He feels his spirits soaring — albeit weak,
And of the fresher air, which he would seek;
And as he whispers knows not that he gasps,
That his thin finger feels not what it clasps,
And so the film comes o'er him — and the dizzy
Chamber swims round and round — and shadows bus
At which he vainly catches, flit and gleam,
Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream,
And all is ice and blackness, — and the earth
That which it was the moment ere our birth.

II.

There is no hope for nations! — Search the page
Of many thousand years — the daily scene,
The flow and ebb of each recurring age,
The everlasting *to be* which *hath been*,
Hath taught us nought, or little: still we lean

On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear
Our strength away in wrestling with the air:
For 't is our nature strikes us down: the beasts
Slaughter'd in hourly hecatombs for feasts
Are of as high an order — they must go
Even where their driver goads them, though
slaughter.
Ye men, who pour your blood for kings as water,
What have they given your children in return?
A heritage of servitude and woes,
A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows.
What! do not yet the red-hot plough-shares burn,
O'er which you stumble in a false ordeal,
And deem this proof of royalty the *real;*
Kissing the hand that guides you to your scars,
And glorying as you tread the glowing bars?
All that your sires have left you, all that Time
Bequeaths of free, and History of sublime,
Spring from a different theme! — Ye see and read,
Admire and sigh, and then succumb and bleed!
Save the few spirits who, despite of all,
And worse than all, the sudden crimes engender'd
By the down-thundering of the prison-wall,
And thirst to swallow the sweet waters tender'd,
Gushing from Freedom's fountains — when the crov
Madden'd with centuries of drought, are loud,
And trample on each other to obtain
The cup which brings oblivion of a chain
Heavy and sore,— in which long yoked they plough'
The sand, — or if there sprung the yellow grain,
'T was not for them, their necks were too much bow'
And their dead palates chew'd the cud of pain: —
Yes! the few spirits — who, despite of deeds
Which they abhor, confound not with the cause
Those momentary starts from Nature's laws,
Which, like the pestilence and earthquake, smite

But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth
With all her seasons to repair the blight
With a few summers, and again put forth
Cities and generations — fair, when free —
For, Tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee!

III.

Glory and Empire! once upon these towers
With Freedom — godlike Triad! how ye sate!
The league of mightiest nations in those hours
When Venice was an envy, might abate,
But did not quench her spirit — in her fate
All were enwrapp'd: the feasted monarchs knew
And loved their hostess, nor could learn to hate,
Although they humbled — with the kingly few
The many felt, for from all days and climes
She was the voyager's worship; — even her crimes
Were of the softer order — born of Love,
She drank no blood, nor fatten'd on the dead,
But gladden'd where her harmless conquests spread;
For these restored the Cross, that from above
Hallow'd her sheltering banners, which incessant
Flew between earth and the unholy Crescent,
Which, if it waned and dwindled, Earth may thank
The city it has clothed in chains, which clank
Now, creaking in the ears of those who owe
The name of Freedom to her glorious struggles;
Yet she but shares with them a common woe,
And call'd the "kingdom" of a conquering foe, —
But knows what all — and, most of all, *we* know —
With what set gilded terms a tyrant juggles!

IV.

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone
O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;

Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to own
A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;
If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
His chainless mountains, 't is but for a time,
For tyranny of late is cunning grown,
And in its own good season tramples down
The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
Bequeath'd — a heritage of heart and hand,
And proud distinction from each other land,
Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
Full of the magic of exploded science —
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic! — She has taught
Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feebler crag,
May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
Rights cheaply earn'd with blood.—Still, still, for ever
Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
Three paces, and then faltering: — better be
Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
Than stagnate in our marsh, — or o'er the deep
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
One freeman more, America, to thee!

STANZAS TO THE PO.[1]

RIVER, that rollest by the ancient walls,[2]
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls
A faint and fleeting memory of me;

[1] [About the middle of April, 1819, Lord Byron travelled from Venice to Ravenna, at which last city he expected to find the Countess Guiccioli. The above stanzas, which have been as much admired as any thing of the kind he ever wrote, were composed, according to Madame Guiccioli's statement, during this journey, and while Lord Byron was actually sailing on the Po. In transmitting them to England, in May, 1820, he says, — "They must not be published: pray recollect this, as they are mere verses of society, and written upon private feelings and passions." They were first printed in 1824.]

[2] [Ravenna — a city to which Lord Byron afterwards declared himself more attached than to any other place, except Greece. He resided in it rather more than two years, "and quitted it," says Madame Guiccioli, "with the deepest regret, and with a presentiment that his departure would be the forerunner of a thousand evils: he was continually performing generous actions: many families owed to him the few prosperous days they ever enjoyed; his arrival was spoken of as a piece of public good fortune, and his departure as a public calamity." In the third canto of "Don Juan," Lord Byron has pictured the tranquil life which, at this time he was leading:—

"Sweet hour of twilight! — in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccacio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

"The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bells that rose the boughs among;
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng,
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover, shadow'd my mind's eye."]

What if thy deep and ample stream should be
A mirror of my heart, where she may read
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed!

What do I say — a mirror of my heart?
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong?
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;
And such as thou art were my passions long.

Time may have somewhat tamed them,— not for ever;
Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!
Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk away:

But left long wrecks behind, and now again,
Borne in our old unchanged career, we move;
Thou tendest wildly onwards to the main,
And I — to loving *one* I should not love.

The current I behold will sweep beneath
Her native walls, and murmur at her feet;
Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
The twilight air, unharm'd by summer's heat.

She will look on thee,— I have look'd on thee,
Full of that thought: and, from that moment, ne'er
Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see,
Without the inseparable sigh for her!

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream,—
Yes! they will meet the wave I gaze on now:
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in its flow!

The wave that bears my tears returns no more:
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep? —
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore,
I by thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

But that which keepeth us apart is not
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
But the distraction of a various lot,
As various as the climates of our birth.

A stranger loves the lady of the land,
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
Is all meridian, as if never fann'd
By the black wind that chills the polar flood

My blood is all meridian; were it not,
I had not left my clime, nor should I be,
In spite of tortures, ne'er to be forgot,
A slave again of love, — at least of thee.

'T is vain to struggle — let me perish young —
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved;
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
And then, at least, my heart can ne'er be moved.

April, 1819.

SONNET TO GEORGE THE FOURTH,

ON THE REPEAL OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD'S FORFEITURE.

To be the father of the fatherless,
To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise
His offspring, who expired in other days
To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less,—
This is to be a monarch, and repress
Envy into unutterable praise.
Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,
For who would lift a hand, except to bless?
Were it not easy, sir, and is 't not sweet
To make thyself beloved? and to be
Omnipotent by mercy's means? for thus
Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete;
A despot thou, and yet thy people free,
And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

Bologna, August 12. 1819. [1]

[1] ["So, the prince has been repealing Lord Fitzgerald's forfeiture? Ecco un' sonetto! There, you dogs! there's a sonnet for you: you won't have such as that in a hurry from Fitzgerald. You may publish it with my name, an' ye wool. He deserves all praise, bad and good; it was a very noble piece of principality." — *Lord Byron to Mr. Murray.*]

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RULHIÈRES.[1]

If, for silver or for gold,
You could melt ten thousand pimples
Into half a dozen dimples,
Then your face we might behold,
Looking, doubtless, much more snugly;
Yet even *then* 't would be d——d ugly.

August 12. 1819.

STANZAS.[2]

Could Love for ever
Run like a river,
And Time's endeavour
Be tried in vain —
No other pleasure
With this could measure;
And like a treasure
We 'd hug the chain.

[1] ["Would you like an epigram — a translation? It was written on some Frenchwoman, by Rulhières, I believe." — *Lord Byron to Mr. Murray*, Aug. 12. 1819.]

[2] [A friend of Lord Byron's, who was with him at Ravenna when he wrote these Stanzas, says, — "They were composed, like many others, with no view of publication, but merely to relieve himself in a moment of suffering. He had been painfully excited by some circumstances which appeared to make it necessary that he should immediately quit Italy; and in the day and the hour that he wrote the song was labouring under an access of fever."]

But since our sighing
Ends not in dying,
And, form'd for flying,
Love plumes his wing;
Then for this reason
Let 's love a season;
But let that season be only Spring.

When lovers parted
Feel broken-hearted,
And, all hopes thwarted,
Expect to die;
A few years older,
Ah! how much colder
They might behold her
For whom they sigh!
When link'd together,
In every weather,
They pluck Love's feather
From out his wing —
He 'll stay for ever,
But sadly shiver
Without his plumage, when past the S

Like chiefs of Faction,
His life is action —
A formal paction
That curbs his reign,
Obscures his glory,
Despot no more, he
Such territory
Quits with disdain.

[1] [V. L. — "That sped his Spring."]

Still, still advancing,
With banners glancing,
His power enhancing,
He must move on —
Repose but cloys him,
Retreat destroys him,
Love brooks not a degraded throne.

Wait not, fond lover!
Till years are over,
And then recover,
As from a dream.
While each bewailing
The other 's failing,
With wrath and railing,
All hideous seem —
While first decreasing,
Yet not quite ceasing,
Wait not till teasing,
All passion blight:
If once diminish'd
Love's reign is finish'd —
Then part in friendship,—and bid good-night.[1]

So shall Affection
To recollection
The dear connection
Bring back with joy:
You had not waited
Till, tired or hated,
Your passions sated
Began to cloy.

[V. L. — " One last embrace, then, and bid good night."]

Your last embraces
Leave no cold traces —
The same fond faces
As through the past:
And eyes, the mirrors
Of your sweet errors,
Reflect but rapture — not least though last.

True, separations
Ask more than patience;
What desperations
From such have risen!
But yet remaining,
What is 't but chaining
Hearts which, once waning,
Beat 'gainst their prison?
Time can but cloy love,
And use destroy love:
The winged boy, Love,
Is but for boys —
You 'll find it torture
Though sharper, shorter,
To wean, and not wear out your joys.

1819.

ON MY WEDDING-DAY.

Here 's a happy new year! but with reason
I beg you 'll permit me to say —
Wish me *many* returns of the *season*,
But as *few* as you please of the *day*.

January 2. 1820.

EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM PITT.

With death doom'd to grapple,
Beneath this cold slab, he
Who lied in the Chapel
Now lies in the Abbey.

January, 1820.

EPIGRAM.

In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will. Cobbett has done well:
You visit him on earth again,
He 'll visit you in hell.[1]

January, 1820.[2]

[1] [Or,

"You come to him on earth again,
He 'll go with you to hell."]

[2] ["Pray let not these versiculi go forth with my name, except among the initiated, because my friend Hobhouse has foamed into a reformer, and, I greatly fear, will subside into Newgate." — *Lord Byron to Mr. Moore.*]

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, [1]

DANTE, L'INFERNO. [2]

CANTO V.

SIEDE la terra dove nata fui
Su la marina, dove il Po discende,
Per aver pace coi seguaci sui.

[1] [This translation, of what is generally considered the most exquisitely pathetic episode in the Divina Commedia, was executed in March, 1820, at Ravenna, where, just five centuries before, and in the very house in which the unfortunate lady was born, Dante's poem had been composed.

In mitigation of the crime of Francesca, Boccacio relates, that "Guido engaged to give his daughter in marriage to Lanciotto, the eldest son of his enemy, the master of Rimini. Lanciotto, who was hideously deformed in countenance and figure, foresaw that, if he presented himself in person, he should be rejected by the lady. He therefore resolved to marry her by proxy, and sent as his representative his younger brother, Paolo, the handsomest and most accomplished man in all Italy. Francesca saw Paolo arrive, and imagined she beheld her future husband. That mistake was the commencement of her passion. The friends of Guido addressed him in strong remonstrances, and mournful predictions of the dangers to which he exposed a daughter, whose high spirit would never brook to be sacrificed with impunity. But Guido was no longer in a condition to make war: and the necessities of the politician overcame the feelings of the father."

In transmitting his version to Mr. Murray, Lord Byron says — "Enclosed you will find, line for line, in third rhyme (terza rima), of which your British blackguard reader as yet understands nothing, Fanny of Rimini. You know that she was born here, and married, and slain, from Cary, Boyd, and such people. I have done it into *cramp* English, line for line, and rhyme for rhyme, to try the possibility. If it is published, publish it *with the original*." In one of the poet's MS. Diaries we find the following passage: — "January 29. 1821, past midnight — one of the clock. I have been reading Frederick Schlegel ('Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern,') till now, and I can make out nothing. He evidently shows a great power of words, but there is nothing to be taken hold of. He is like Hazlitt in English, who talks *pimples*; a red and white *corruption* rising up (in little imitation of mountains upon *maps*), but containing nothing, and discharging nothing ex-

FRANCESCA OF RIMINI.

FROM THE INFERNO OF DANTE.

CANTO V.

" The land where I was born [3] sits by the seas,
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
With all his followers, in search of peace.

---

cept their own humours. I like him the worse (that is Schlegel), because he always seems upon the verge of meaning; and, lo! he goes down like sunset, or melts like a rainbow, leaving a rather rich confusion. Of Dante, he says, that 'at no time has the greatest and most national of all Italian poets ever been much the favourite of his countrymen!' 'Tis false. There have been more editors and commentators (and imitators ultimately) of Dante than of all their poets put together. *Not* a favourite! Why, they talk Dante — write Dante — and think and dream Dante, at this moment (1821), to an excess which would be ridiculous, but that he deserves it. He says also that Dante's 'chief defect is a want, in a word, of gentle feelings.' Of gentle feelings! — and Francesca of Rimini — and the father's feelings in Ugolino — and Beatrice — and 'La Pia!' Why, there is a gentleness in Dante beyond all gentleness, when he is tender. It is true that, treating of the Christian Hades, or Hell, there is not much scope or site for gentleness; but who *but* Dante could have introduced any 'gentleness' at all into Hell? Is there any in Milton's? No — and Dante's Heaven is all love, and glory, and majesty." This translation was first published in 1830.]

[2] [Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna and of Cervia, was given by her father in marriage to Lanciotto, son of Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, a man of extraordinary courage, but deformed in his person. His brother, Paolo, who unhappily possessed those graces which the husband of Francesca wanted, engaged her affections; and being taken in adultery, they were both put to death by the enraged Lanciotto. The interest of this pathetic narrative is much increased, when it is recollected that the father of this unfortunate lady was the beloved friend and generous protector of Dante during his latter days. See Canto xxvii. of the Inferno, where Dante, speaking of Ravenna, says —

Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s' apprende,
Prese costui della bella persona
Che mi fu tolta; e il modo ancor m' offi
Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,
Mi prese del costui piacer si forte,
Che, come vedi, ancor non m' abbandona
Amor condusse noi ad una morte:
Caina [4] attende chi in vita ci spense. [5]

L' aquila da Polenta là si cova,
Si che Cirvia ricopre co' suoi vanni.
—— There Polenta's eagle broods,
And in his broad circumference of plume
O'ershadows Cervia. CARY

Guido was the son of Ostasio da Polenta, and made master of Ravenna in 1265. In 1322, he was deprived of reignty, and died at Bologna in the year following enumerated, by Tiraboschi, among the poets of his time.

[3] Ravenna.

[4] [From Cain, the first fratricide. By Caina we are t stand that part of the Inferno to which murderers demned.]

[5] [The whole history of woman's love is as highly and co wrought, we think, in these few lines, as that of Julie whole tragedy of Shakspeare. Francesca imputes the pa brother-in-law conceived for her, not to depravity but n of heart in him, and to her own loveliness. With a feeling of keen sorrow and complacent naïveté, she says fair, and that an ignominious death robbed him of her She confesses that she loved, because she was beloved charm had deluded her; and she declares, with transp joy had not abandoned her even in hell—

—— "piacer si forte,
Che, come vedi, ancor non m' abbandona."

It is thus that Dante unites perspicuity with conciseness, most naked simplicity with the profoundest observati heart. Her guilty passion survives its punishment by H but without a shade of impiety. How striking is the co her extreme happiness in the midst of torments that c cease; when, resuming her narrative, she looks at her l repeats with enthusiasm—

"Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso"—

She nevertheless goes on to relieve her brother-in-law

Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,
Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en [6]
From me, and me even yet the mode offends.
Love, who to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please, so strong,
That, as thou seest, yet, yet it doth remain.
Love to one death conducted us along,
But Caina waits for him our life who ended: "

---

imputation of having seduced her. Alone, and unconscious of their danger, they read a love-story together. They gazed upon each other, pale with emotion; but the secret of their mutual passion never escaped their lips: —

"Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso;
Ma solo un punto fu qual che ci vinse."

The description of two happy lovers in the story was the ruin of Francesca. It was the romance of Lancilot and Genevra, wife of Arthur, King of England: —

"Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
Esser baciato da cotanto amante,
Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante."

After this avowal, she hastens to complete the picture with one touch which covers her with confusion —

"Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante."

She utters not another word! — and yet we fancy her before us, with her downcast and glowing looks; whilst her lover stands by her side, listening in silence and in tears. Dante, too, who had hitherto questioned her, no longer ventures to inquire in what manner her husband had put her to death; but is so overawed by pity, that he sinks into a swoon. Nor is this to be considered as merely a poetical exaggeration. The poet had probably known her when a girl, blooming in innocence and beauty under the paternal roof. This, we think, is the true account of the overwhelming sympathy with which her form overpowers him. The episode, too, was written by him in the very house in which she was born, and in which he had himself, during the last ten years of his exile, found a constant asylum. — MACAULAY.

"I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid;
A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
Protects his dust, — but reverence here is paid
To the bard's tomb, and not the warrior's column.

Queste parole da lor ci fur porte.
Da ch' io intesi quell' anime offense
Chinai il viso, e tanto il tenni basso
Fin che il Poeta mi disse: "Che pense?"
Quando risposi incominciai: "Ahi lasso!
Quanti dolci pensier, quanto desio
Menò costoro al doloroso passo!"
Poi mi rivolsi a loro, e parlai io,
E cominciai: Francesca, i tuoi martiri
A lagrimar mi fanno tristo e pio.
Ma dimmi: al tempo de' dolci sospiri
A che, e come concedette Amore
Che conosceste i dubbiosi desiri?
Ed ella a me: nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria [7]; e ciò sa il tuo dottore.
Ma se a conoscer la prima radice
Del nostro amor tu hai cotanto affetto
Farò [8] come colui che piange e dice.
Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto
Di Lancillotto [9], come Amor lo strinse:
Soli eravamo, e senza alcun sospetto.

The time must come when, both alike decay'd,
The chieftain's trophy, and the poet's volume,
Will sink where lie the songs and wars of earth,
Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth."
Don Juan, Canto iii.]

[6] [Among Lord Byron's unpublished letters we find the following: —

"Varied readings of the translation from Dante.

Seized him for the fair person, which in its
Bloom was ta'en from me, yet the mode offends.

or,

Seized him for the fair form, of which in its
Bloom I was reft, and yet the mode offends.

These were the accents utter'd by her tongue. —
Since I first listen'd to these souls offended,
I bow'd my visage, and so kept it till — [bended,
"What think'st thou?" said the bard; when I un-
And recommenced: "Alas! unto such ill
How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstasies,
Led these their evil fortune to fulfil!"
And then I turn'd unto their side my eyes,
And said, "Francesca, thy sad destinies
Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.
But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
By what and how thy love to passion rose,
So as his dim desires to recognise?"
Then she to me: "The greatest of all woes
Is to remind us of our happy days [10]
In misery, and that thy teacher knows. [11]
But if to learn our passion's first root preys
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,
I will do even as he who weeps and says. [12] —
We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
Of Lancilot, how love enchain'd him too.
We were alone, quite unsuspiciously.

Love, which to one beloved to love remits,
Seized me { with mutual wish to please / with wish of pleasing him / with the desire to please } so strong,
That, as thou see'st, not yet that passion quits, &c.

You will find these readings vary from the MS. I sent you. They are closer, but rougher: take which is liked best; or, if you like, print them as variations. They are all close to the text." — *Byron Letters.*]

[9] ["In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus infortunii est fuisse felicem." — *Boetius.* Dante himself tells us, that Boetius and Cicero de Amicitiâ were the two first books that 'engaged his attention.']

[8] ["In some of the editions it is 'dirò, in others 'faro;' — an essential difference between 'saying' and 'doing,' which I knew

Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
  Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso:
  Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.
Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
  Esser baciato da cotanto amante,
  Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:
  Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse —
  Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.
Mentre che l' uno spirto questo disse,
  L'altro piangeva sì che di pietade
  Io venni men così com' io morisse,
E caddi come corpo morto cade.

---

not how to decide. Ask Foscolo. The d——d editions drive me mad." — *Lord Byron to Mr. M.*]

[9] [One of the Knights of Arthur's Round Table, and the lover of Genevra, celebrated in romance. See Southey's "King Arthur," vol. i. p. 52. Whitaker, the historian of Manchester, makes out for the knight both a local habitation and a name. "The name of Lancelot," he says, "is an appellation truly British, and significative of royalty; Lance being a Celtic term for a spear, and Leod, Lod, or Lot, importing a people. He was *therefore* (!) a British sovereign; and since he is denominated Lancelot of the Lake, perhaps (!) he resided at Coccium, in the region Linnis, and was the monarch of Lancashire; as the kings of Creones, living at Selma, on the forest of Morven, are generally denominated sovereigns of Morven; or, more properly, was King of Cheshire, and resided at Pool-ton-Lancelot, in the hundred of Wirrall." See also Ellis's Specimens of early Romances, vol. i. p. 271.]

[10] ["Is to {recall to mind / remind us of} our happy days." — MS.]

[11] ["In misery, and {this / that} thy teacher knows." — MS.]

[12] ["I will {relate / do even} as he weeps and says." — MS.]

[13] ["But one point only us {overthrew / o'erthrew}." — MS.]

[14] ["To be thus kiss'd by such {a fervent / devoted} lover." — MS.

But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
All o'er discolour'd by that reading were;
But one point only wholly us o'erthrew;[13]
When we read the long-sigh'd-for smile of her,
To be thus kiss'd by such devoted lover,[14]
He who from me can be divided ne'er
Kiss'd my mouth, trembling in the act all over.
Accursed was the book and he who wrote!
That day no further leaf we did uncover. ——
While thus one spirit told us of their lot,
The other wept, so that with pity's thralls
I swoon'd, as if by death I had been smote,
And fell down even as a dead body falls.[15]

---

[15] [The episode of Francesca of Rimini is thus translated by Cary: and it is only justice to Lord Byron to give the passage here, in order to show how he succeeded in overcoming all the difficulties of rhyme, with which Mr. Cary does not grapple:—

" 'The land that gave me birth
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.
" 'Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death: Caina waits
The soul, who spilt our life.' Such were their words;
At hearing which downward I bent my looks,
And held them there so long, that the Bard cried:
'What art thou pondering?' I in answer thus:
'Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire,
Must they at length to that ill pass have reach'd!'
" Then turning, I to them my speech address'd,
And thus began: 'Francesca! your sad fate
Even to tears my grief and pity moves.
But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,
By what, and how Love granted, that ye knew
Your yet uncertain wishes?' She replied:
'No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand. That kens
Thy learn'd instructor. Yet so eagerly

STANZAS.

WHEN a man hath no freedom to fight for at hom
Let him combat for that of his neighbours;

If thou art bent to know the primal root
From whence our love gat being, I will do
As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,
For our delight, we read of Lancelot,
How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile, so rapturously kiss'd
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kiss'd. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more.' While thus one spirit spake,
The other wail'd so sorely, that heart-struck,
I, through compassion fainting, seem'd not far
From death, and like a corse fell to the ground."

The story of Francesca and Paolo is a great favourite wit
Italians. It is noticed by all the historians of Ravenna. Pet
introduces it, in his Trionfi d' Amore, among his exampl
calamitous passion; and Tassoni, in his Secchia Rapita, repr
Paolo Malatesta as leading the troops of Rimini, and des
him, when mounted on his charger, as contemplating a g
sword-chain, presented to him by Francesca:—

"Rimini vien con la bandiera sesta,
Guida mille cavalli, e mille fanti—
Halti donata al dispartir Francesca
L'aurea catena, à cui la spada appende.
La vi mirando al misero, e rinfresca
Quel foco ognor, che l' anima gli accende,
Quanto cerca fuggir, tanto s' invesca."

"To him Francesca gave the golden chain
At parting-time, from which his sword was hung;
The wretched lover gazed at it with pain,
Adding new pangs to those his heart had wrung;
The more he sought to fly the luscious bane,
The firmer he was bound, the deeper stung."]

Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
And get knock'd on the head for his labours.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
And is always as nobly requited;
Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
And, if not shot or hang'd, you 'll get knighted.

November, 1820.

EPIGRAM.

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

THE CHARITY BALL.

What matter the pangs of a husband and father,
If his sorrows in exile be great or be small,
So the Pharisee's glories around her she gather,
And the saint patronizes her "charity ball!"

What matters — a heart which, though faulty, was feeling,
Be driven to excesses which once could appal —
That the sinner should suffer is only fair dealing,
As the saint keeps her charity back for "the ball!" [1]

[1] [These lines were written on reading in the newspapers, that Lady Byron had been patroness of a ball in aid of some charity at Hinckley.]

EPIGRAM ON MY WEDDING-DAY.

TO PENELOPE.

THIS day, of all our days, has done
The worst for me and you: —
'T is just *six* years since we were *one*,
And *five* since we were *two*.

January 2. 1821.

ON MY THIRTY-THIRD BIRTH-DAY.

JANUARY 22. 1821. [1]

THROUGH life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
I have dragg'd to three and thirty.
What have these years left to me?
Nothing — except thirty-three.

[1] [In Lord Byron's MS. Diary of the preceding day, we find the following entry: — "January 21. 1821. Dined — visited — came home — read. Remarked on an anecdote in Grimm's Correspondence, which says, that 'Regnard et la plûpart des poëtes comiques étaient gens bilieux et mélancoliques; et que M. de Voltaire, qui est très-gai, n'a jamais fait que des tragédies — et que la comédie gaie est le seul genre où il n'ait point réussi. C'est que celui qui rit et celui qui fait rire sont deux hommes fort différens!' At this moment I feel as bilious as the best comic writer of them all (even as Regnard himself, the next to Molière, who has written some of the best comedies in any language, and who is supposed to have committed suicide), and am not in spirits to continue my proposed tragedy. To-morrow is my birth-day — that is to say, at twelve o' the clock, midnight; i. e. in twelve minutes, I shall have completed thirty and three years of age!!! — and I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so *long*, and to so little purpose. * * It is *three minutes* past twelve — 'T is the middle of night by the *castle*-clock,' and I am now thirty-three!]

EPIGRAM.

ON THE BRAZIERS' COMPANY HAVING RESOLVED TO PRESENT AN ADDRESS TO QUEEN CAROLINE.[1]

THE braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass
An address, and present it themselves all in brass; —
A superfluous pageant — for, by the Lord Harry!
They 'll find where they 're going much more than they carry.[2]

MARTIAL, LIB. I. EPIG. I.

"Hic est, quem legis, ille, quem requiris,
Tota notus in orbe Martialis," &c.

HE, unto whom thou art so partial,
Oh, reader! is the well-known Martial,
The Epigrammatist: while living,
Give him the fame thou wouldst be giving;
So shall he hear, and feel, and know it —
Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

'Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni;'—

but I don't regret them so much for what I have done, as for what I might have done."]

[1] [The procession of the Braziers to Brandenburgh House was one of the most absurd fooleries of the time of Queen Caroline's trial.]

[2] ["There is an epigram for you, is it not?— worthy
Of Wordsworth, the grand metaquizzical poet,
A man of vast merit, though few people know it;
The perusal of whom (as I told you at Mestri)
I owe, in great part, to my passion for pastry."
Byron Letters, January 22. 1821.]

BOWLES AND CAMPBELL.

To the tune of "Why, how now, saucy jade?"

Why, how now, saucy Tom?
If you thus must ramble,
I will publish some
Remarks on Mister Campbell.

ANSWER.

Why, how now, Billy Bowles?
Sure the priest is maudlin!
(*To the public*) How can you, d—n your souls!
Listen to his twaddling?

February 22. 1821.[1]

EPIGRAMS.

Oh, Castlereagh! thou art a patriot now;
Cato died for his country, so didst thou:
He perish'd rather than see Rome enslaved,
Thou cutt'st thy throat that Britain may be saved!

So Castlereagh has cut his throat! — The worst
Of this is, — that his own was not the first.

So *He* has cut his throat at last! — He! Who?
The man who cut his country's long ago.

[1] ["*Excuse* haste, — I write with my spurs putting on." — *Byron to Mr. Moore*, Feb. 22. 1821.]

EPITAPH.

Posterity will ne'er survey
A nobler grave than this:
Here lie the bones of Castlereagh:
Stop, traveller ————

JOHN KEATS.[1]

Who kill'd John Keats?
"I," says the Quarterly,
So savage and Tartarly;
"'T was one of my feats."

Who shot the arrow?
"The poet-priest Milman
(So ready to kill man),
Or Southey, or Barrow."

July, 1821.

THE CONQUEST.[2]

March 8-9. 1823.

The Son of Love and Lord of War I sing;
Him who bade England bow to Normandy,

[1] ["Are you aware that Shelley has written an elegy on Keats, and accuses the Quarterly of killing him?"—*Lord Byron to Mr. Murray*, July 30. 1821.]

[2] [This fragment was found amongst Lord Byron's papers, at his departure from Genoa for Greece.]

And left the name of conqueror more than king
To his unconquerable dynasty.
Not fann'd alone by Victory's fleeting wing,
He rear'd his bold and brilliant throne on high:
The Bastard kept, like lions, his prey fast,
And Britain's bravest victor was the last.

TO MR. MURRAY.

For Orford [1] and for Waldegrave [2]
You give much more than me you gave;
Which is not fairly to behave,
My Murray.

Because if a live dog, 't is said,
Be worth a lion fairly sped,
A *live lord* must be worth *two* dead,
My Murray.

And if, as the opinion goes,
Verse hath a better sale than prose, —
Certes, I should have more than those,
My Murray.

But now this sheet is nearly cramm'd,
So, if *you will*, *I* shan't be shamm'd,
And if you *won't*, *you* may be damn'd,
My Murray.[3]

[1] [Horace Walpole's Memoirs of the last nine Years of the Reign of George II.]

[2] [Memoirs by James Earl Waldegrave, Governor of George III. when Prince of Wales.]

[3] ["*Can't* accept your courteous offer. These matters must

THE IRISH AVATAR.[1]

"And Ireland, like a bastinadoed elephant, kneeling to receive the paltry rider." — *Curran.*

Ere the daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave,
And her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide,
Lo! George the triumphant speeds over the wave,
To the long-cherish'd isle which he loved like his — bride.

True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone,
The rainbow-like epoch where Freedom could pause
For the few little years, out of centuries won,
Which betray'd not, or crush'd not, or wept not her cause.

True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,
The castle still stands, and the senate 's no more,
And the famine which dwelt on her freedomless crags
Is extending its steps to her desolate shore.

---

be arranged with Mr. Douglas Kinnaird. He is my trustee, and a man of honour. To him you can state all your mercantile reasons, which you might not like to state to me personally, such as 'heavy season' — 'flat public' — don't go off' — 'lordship writes too much' — 'won't take advice' — 'declining popularity' — 'deduction for the trade' — 'make very little' — 'generally lose by him' — 'pirated edition' — 'foreign edition' — 'severe criticisms,' &c., with other hints and howls for an oration, which I leave Douglas, who is an orator, to answer." — *Lord Byron to Mr. Murray*, Aug. 23. 1821.]

[1] ["The enclosed lines, as you will *directly* perceive, are written by the Rev. W. L. B——. Of course it is for *him* to die them, if they are not." — *Lord Byron to Mr. Moore*, Sept. 1821.]

To her desolate shore — where the emigrant stands
For a moment to gaze ere he flies from his hearth;
Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,
For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth.

But he comes! the Messiah of royalty comes!
Like a goodly Leviathan roll'd from the waves!
Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,
With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves!

He comes in the promise and bloom of threescore,
To perform in the pageant the sovereign's part —
But long live the shamrock which shadows him o'er!
Could the green in his *hat* be transferr'd to his *heart!*

Could that long-wither'd spot but be verdant again,
And a new spring of noble affections arise —
Then might freedom forgive thee this dance in thy chain,
And this shout of thy slavery which saddens the skies.

Is it madness or meanness which clings to thee now?
Were he God — as he is but the commonest clay,
With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on his brow —
Such servile devotion might shame him away.

Ay, roar in his train! let thine orators lash
Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride —
Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash
His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied.[1]

[1] ["After the stanza on Grattan, will it please you to cause to insert the following addenda, which I dreamed of during to-day's siesta." — *Lord Byron to Mr. Moore*, Sept. 20. 1821.]

Ever glorious Grattan! the best of the good!
So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest!
With all which Demosthenes wanted endued,
And his rival or victor in all he possess'd.

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,
Though unequall'd, preceded, the task was begun —
But Grattan sprung up like a god from the tomb
Of ages, the first, last, the saviour, the *one!*

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute;
With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind;
Even Tyranny listening sate melted or mute,
And Corruption shrunk scorch'd from the glance of his mind.

But back to our theme! Back to despots and slaves!
Feasts furnish'd by Famine! rejoicings by Pain!
True freedom but *welcomes*, while slavery still *raves*,
When a week's saturnalia hath loosen'd her chain.

Let the poor squalid splendour thy wreck can afford,
(As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide)
Gild over the palace, Lo! Erin, thy lord!
Kiss his foot with thy blessing, his blessings denied!

Or *if* freedom past hope be extorted at last,
If the idol of brass find his feet are of clay,
Must what terror or policy wring forth be class'd
With what monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves yield their prey?

Each brute hath its nature; a king's is to *reign*, —
To *reign!* in that word see, ye ages, comprised

The cause of the curses all annals contain,
From Cæsar the dreaded to George the despised!

Wear, Fingal, thy trapping! O'Connell, proclaim
His accomplishments! *His!!!* and thy country convince
Half an age's contempt was an error of fame,
And that "Hal is the rascaliest, sweetest *young* prince!"

Will thy yard of blue riband, poor Fingal, recall
The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs?
Or, has it not bound thee the fastest of all
The slaves, who now hail their betrayer with hymns?

Ay! "Build him a dwelling!" let each give his mite!
Till, like Babel, the new royal doom hath arisen!
Let thy beggars and helots their pittance unite —
And a palace bestow for a poor-house and prison!

Spread — spread, for Vitellius, the royal repast,
Till the gluttonous despot be stuff'd to the gorge!
And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last
The Fourth of the fools and oppressors call'd "George!"

Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they groan!
Till they *groan* like thy people, through ages of woe!
Let the wine flow around the old Bacchanal's throne,
Like their blood which has flow'd, and which yet has to flow.

But let not *his* name be thine idol alone —
On his right hand behold a Sejanus appears!

Thine own Castlereagh! let him still be thine own;
A wretch never named but with curses and jeers![1]

Till now, when the isle which should blush for his birth,
Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on her soil,
Seems proud of the reptile which crawl'd from her earth,
And for murder repays him with shouts and a smile.

Without one single ray of her genius, without
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race —
The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt
If *she* ever gave birth to a being so base.

If she did — let her long-boasted proverb be hush'd,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring —
See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full flush'd,
Still warming its folds in the breast of a king!

Shout, drink, feast, and flatter! Oh! Erin, how low
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny, till
Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulf still.

My voice, though but humble, was raised for thy right,
My vote, as a freeman's, still voted thee free,
This hand, though but feeble, would arm in thy fight,
And this heart, though outworn, had a throb still for *thee!*

1 ["The last line — 'A name never spoke but with curses or jeers,' must run, either 'A name only uttered with curses or jeers,' or, 'A wretch never named but with curses or jeers,' *because as how* 'spoke' is not grammar, except in the House of Commons. So pray put your poetical pen through the MS., and take the least bad of the emendations. Also, if there be any further breaking of Priscian's head, will you apply a plaster?" — *Lord Byron to Mr. Moore*, Sept. 19.]

Yes, I loved thee and thine, though thou art not my land,
I have known noble hearts and great souls in thy sons,
And I wept with the world, o'er the patriot band
Who are gone, but I weep them no longer as once.

For happy are they now reposing afar, —
Thy Grattan, thy Curran, thy Sheridan, all
Who, for years, were the chiefs in the eloquent war,
And redeem'd, if they have not retarded, thy fall.

Yes, happy are they in their cold English graves!
Their shades cannot start to thy shouts of to-day —
Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves
Be stamp'd in the turf o'er their fetterless clay.

Till now I had envied thy sons and their shore,
Though their virtues were hunted, their liberties fled;
There was something so warm and sublime in the core
Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy — thy dead.

Or, if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour
My contempt for a nation so servile, though sore,
Which though trod like the worm will not turn upon power,
'T is the glory of Grattan, and genius of Moore!

September, 1821.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA.[1]

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
'T is but as a dead-flower with May-dew besprinkled.
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!
What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory?

Oh Fame![2]—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'T was less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover,
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

November, 1821.

[1] ["I composed these stanzas (except the fourth, added now) a few days ago, on the road from Florence to Pisa."—*Byron Diary*, Pisa, 6th Nov. 1821.]

[2] [In the same Diary, we find the following painfully interesting passage:—"As far as Fame goes (that is to say, living Fame), I have had my share, perhaps—indeed, *certainly*—more than my deserts. Some odd instances have occurred to my own experience of the wild and strange places to which a name may penetrate, and where it may impress. Two years ago—(almost three, being in August, or July, 1819)—I received a letter in *English* verse

STANZAS

TO A HINDOO AIR.[1]

Oh! my lonely — lonely — lonely — Pillow
Where is my lover? where is my lover?
Is it his bark which my dreary dreams discove
Far — far away! and alone along the billow

Oh! my lonely — lonely — lonely — Pillow
Why must my head ache where his gentle bro
How the long night flags lovelessly and slowly
And my head droops over thee like the will

---

from Drontheim in Norway, written by a Norwegian, a
the usual compliments, &c. &c. In the same month I r
invitation into *Holstein*, from a Mr. Jacobson, I think
burgh; also (by the same medium) a translation of
song in the 'Corsair,' by a Westphalian baroness (*not*
ten-tronck'), with some original verses of hers (very
Klopstockish), and a prose translation annexed to the
subject of my wife. As they concerned her more than
them to her with Mr. Jacobson's letter. It was odd
receive an invitation to pass the *summer* in Holstein
Italy, from people I never knew. The letter was ad
Venice. Mr. J. talked to me of the 'wild roses grow
Holstein summer:' why, then, did the Cimbri and the
emigrate? — What a strange thing is life and man!
present myself at the door of the house where my dau
is, the door would be shut in my face, unless (as is not i
I knocked down the porter: and if I had gone in that
perhaps now) to Drontheim (the furthest town in N
into Holstein, I should have been received with open
the mansions of strangers and foreigners — attached to
tie but that of mind and rumour. As far as *Fame* go
had my share: it has, indeed, been leavened by other h
tingencies; and this in a greater degree than has occurr
literary men of a decent rank in life; but, on the who
that such equipoise is the condition of humanity."]

[1] [*These* verses were written by Lord Byron a little
left Italy for Greece. They were meant to suit the H

Oh! thou, my sad and solitar
Send me kind dreams to keep m
In return for the tears I shed u
Let me not die till he comes

Then if thou wilt — no more
In one embrace let these arms a
And then expire of the joy — bu
Oh! my lone bosom! — oh! 1

IMPROMP'

Beneath Blessington'
The reclaim'd Paradis
Should be free as the forme
But if the new Eve
For an Apple should
What mortal would not pl

air — "Alla Malla Punca," which t
fond of singing.]

[1] [With a view of inducing Lord an
long their stay at Genoa, Lord Byro
pretty villa called "Il Paradiso," in
own, and accompanied them to look a
was that, on the lady expressing some
he produced this impromptu. — Moor

[2] [The Genoese wits had already ap
himself. Taking it into their heads
also, I believe, a Casa Saluzzo) had b
own residence, they said, "Il Diavolo
diso." — Moore.]

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

You have ask'd for a verse: — the request
In a rhymer 't were strange to deny;
But my Hippocrene was but my breast,
And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

Were I now as I was, I had sung
What Lawrence has painted so well;
But the strain would expire on my tongue,
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard in my bosom is dead;
What I loved I now merely admire,
And my heart is as grey as my head.

My life is not dated by years —
There are moments which act as a plough;
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

Let the young and the brilliant aspire
To sing what I gaze on in vain;
For sorrow has torn from my lyre
The string which was worthy the strain.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY TH SIXTH YEAR.

Missolonghi, Jan. 2[2]

'T is time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze —
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 't is not *thus* — and 't is not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

[1] [This morning, Lord Byron came from his bedroo apartment where Colonel Stanhope and some fri assembled, and said with a smile—"You were compl other day, that I never write any poetry now. This is day, and I have just finished something, which, I think than what I usually write." He then produced these affecting verses. — COUNT GAMBA.]

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through whom
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here: — up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.[1]

[1] [Taking into consideration every thing connected with t verses, — the last tender aspirations of a loving spirit which breathe, the self-devotion to a noble cause which they so p express, and that consciousness of a near grave glimmering s through the whole, — there is perhaps no production within range of mere human composition, round which the circumsta and feelings under which it was written cast so touching an rest. — Moore.]

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

REMARKS

ON THE ROMAIC OR MODERN GREEK LANGUAGE, WITH SPECIMENS AND TRANSLATIONS.

These "Remarks" were written, in the spring of 1811, *while Lord Byron was residing in the Capuchin Convent at Athens.* *See p.* 59.

AMONGST an enslaved people, obliged to have recourse to foreign presses even for their books of religion, it is less to be wondered at that we find so few publications on general subjects, than that we find any at all. The whole number of the Greeks, scattered up and down the Turkish empire and elsewhere, may amount, at most, to three millions; and yet, for so scanty a number, it is impossible to discover any nation with so great a proportion of books and their authors, as the Greeks of the present century. "Ay, but," say the generous advocates of oppression, who, while they assert the ignorance of the Greeks, wish to prevent them from dispelling it, "ay, but these are mostly, if not all, ecclesiastical tracts, and consequently good for nothing." Well, and pray what else can they write about? It is pleasant enough to hear a Frank, particularly an Englishman, who may abuse the government of his own country; or a Frenchman, who may abuse every government except his own, and who may range at will over every philosophical, religious, scientific, sceptical, or moral subject; sneering at the Greek legends. A Greek must not write on politics, and cannot touch on science (or

want of instruction; if he doubts, he is excommunicated and damned; therefore his countrymen are not poisoned with modern philosophy; and as to morals, thanks to the Turks! there are no such things. What then is left him, if he has a turn for scribbling? Religion, and holy biography: and it is natural enough that those who have so little in this life should look to the next. It is no great wonder, then, that in a catalogue now before me of fifty-five Greek writers, many of whom were lately living, not above fifteen should have touched on any thing but religion. The catalogue alluded to is contained in the twenty-sixth chapter of the fourth volume of Meletius's Ecclesiastical History. From this I subjoin an extract of those who have written on general subjects; which will be followed by some specimens of the Romaic.

LIST OF ROMAIC AUTHORS.[1]

Neophitus, Diakonos (the deacon) of the Morea, has publish an extensive grammar, and also some political regulations, whi last were left unfinished at his death.

Prokoplus, of Moscopolis (a town in Epirus), has written published a catalogue of the learned Greeks.

Seraphin, of Pericles, is the author of many works in the T ish language, but Greek character; for the Christians of C mania, who do not speak Romaic, but read the character.

Eustathius Psalidas, of Bucharest, a physician, made th of England for the purpose of study (χάριν μαθήσεως): but t his name is enumerated, it is not stated that he has writt thing.

Kallinikus Torgeraus, Patriarch of Constantinople: poems of his are extant, and also prose tracts, and a c of patriarchs since the last taking of Constantinople.

Anastasius Macedon, of Naxos, member of the royal of Warsaw. A church biographer.

1 It is to be observed that the names given are not in chronol but consist of some selected as a venture from amongst those w from the taking of Constantinople to the time of Meletius.

Demetrius Pamperes, a Moscopolite, has written many works, particularly " A Commentary on Hesiod's Shield of Hercules," and two hundred tales (of what is not specified), and has published his correspondence with the celebrated George of Trebizond, his contemporary.

Meletius, a celebrated geographer; and author of the book from whence these notices are taken.

Dorotheus, of Mitylene, an Aristotelian philosopher: his Hellenic works are in great repute, and he is esteemed by the moderns (I quote the words of Meletius) μετὰ τὸν Θουκυδίδην καὶ Ξενοφώντα ἄριστος Ἑλλήνων. I add further, on the authority of a well-informed Greek, that he was so famous amongst his countrymen, that they were accustomed to say, if Thucydides and Xenophon were wanting, he was capable of repairing the loss.

Marinus Count Tharboures, of Cephalonia, professor of chemistry in the academy of Padua, and member of that academy, and those of Stockholm and Upsal. He has published, at Venice, an account of some marine animal, and a treatise on the properties of iron.

Marcus, brother to the former, famous in mechanics. He removed to St. Petersburg the immense rock on which the statue of Peter the Great was fixed in 1769. See the dissertation which he published in Paris, 1777.

George Constantine has published a four-tongued lexicon.

George Ventote; a lexicon in French, Italian, and Romaic.

There exist several other dictionaries in Latin and Romaic, French, &c.; besides grammars, in every modern language except English.

Amongst the living authors the following are most celebrated[1]:—

Athanasius Parios has written a treatise on rhetoric in Hellenic.

Christodoulos, an Acarnanian, has published, in Vienna, some physical treatises in Hellenic.

Panagiotes Kodrikas, an Athenian, the Romaic translator of Fontenelle's " Plurality of Worlds " (a favourite work amongst

1 These names are not taken from any publication.

the Greeks), is stated to be a teacher of the Hellenic la languages in Paris; in both of which he is an adept.

Athanasius, the Parian, author of a treatise on rhetori

Vicenzo Damodos, of Cephalonia, has written "εἰς τὸ ζαχον," on logic and physics.

John Kamarases, a Byzantine, has translated into Ocellus on the Universe. He is said to be an excel lenist and Latin scholar.

Gregorio Demetrius published, in Vienna, a geo work: he has also translated several Italian authors, an his versions at Venice.

Of Coray and Psalida some account has been already

GREEK WAR SONG.[1]

ΔΕΥ'ΤΕ, παῖδες τῶν 'Ελλήνων:
ὁ καῖρος τῆς δόξης ἦλθεν,
ἂς φανῶμεν ἄξιοι ἐκείνων
ποῦ μᾶς δῶσαν τὴν ἀρχήν·
Ας πατήσομεν ἀνδρείως
τὸν ζυγὸν τῆς τυρανίδος.
'Εκδικήσωμεν πατρίδος
καθ' ὄνειδος αἰσχρόν.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἂς λάζωμεν
παῖδες 'Ελλήνων ἄγωμεν·
ποταμιδὸν ἐχθρῶν τὸ αἷμα
ἂς τρέξῃ ὑπὸ ποδῶν.

Ὅθεν εἶσθε τῶν 'Ελλήνων
κόκκαλα ἀνδρειομένα,
πνεύματα ἐσκορπισμένα,
τώρα λάζετε πνοήν.

1 A translation of this song will be found among the Occasional Pi p. 39.

'στ' ην φωνὴν της σαλπιγγός μου;
συναχθήτε ὅλα ὁμου.
τὴν ἑπτάλοφον ζητεῖτε,
καὶ γικᾶτε πρὸ παντοῦ.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἂς λάζωμεν, &c.

Σπάρτα, Σπάρτα, τί κοιμᾶσθε
ὕπνον λήθαργον βαθύν;
ξύπνησον κράξε 'Αθήνας,
σύμμαχον παντοτεινήν.
'Ενθυμεισθητε Λεοννίδου
ἥρωος τοῦ ξακουστοῦ,
τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἐπαινεμένου
φοβεροῦ καὶ τρομεροῦ.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἂς λάζωμεν, &c.

Ὅπου εἰς τάς Θερμοπύλας
πόλεμον αὐτὸς προτεῖ.
καὶ τοὺς Πέρσας ἀφανίζει
καὶ αὐτῶν κατὰ κρατεῖ·
Μὲ τριακοσίους ἄνδρας
εἰς τὸ κέντρον πρόχωρει,
καὶ ὡς λέων θυμώμενος,
εἰς τὸ αἷμα τῶν βουτεῖ.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἂς λάζωμεν, &c.

ROMAIC EXTRACTS.

'Ρωσσος, 'Αγκλος, καὶ Γάλλος κάμνοντες τὴν περιήγησιν τῆς 'Ελλάδος, καὶ βλέποντες τὴν ἀθλίαν τὴν κατάστασιν, εἰρώτησαν καταρχὰς ἕνα Γραικὸν φιλέλληνα διὰ νὰ μάθουν τὴν αἰτίαν, μετ' αὐτὸν ἕνα μητροπολίτην, εἶτα ἕνα βλάχμπειν, ἔπειτα ἕνα πραγματευτὴν, καὶ ἕνα προεστῶτα.

Εἰπέ μας, ὦ φιλέλληνα, πῶς φέρεις τὴν σκλαβίαν
καὶ τὴν ἀπαρίγορητον τῶν Τούρκων τυραννίαν;

πῶς ταῖς ξυλαῖς καὶ ὑβρισμοὺς καὶ σιδηροδεσμίαν
παίδων, παρθένων, γυναικων ἀπήουστον φθορεῖαν.
Δὲν εἶσθαι ἐσεῖς ἀπόγονοι ἐκείνων τῶν Ἑλλήνων
τῶν ἐλευθέρων καὶ σοφῶν καὶ τῶν φιλοπατρίδων
καὶ πῶς ἐκεῖνοι ἀπέθνησκον διὰ τὴν ἐλευθερίαν,
καὶ τώρα ἐσεῖς ὑπούκεισθαι εἰς τόσαν τυραννίαν,
καὶ ποῖον γένος ὡς ἐσεῖς ἐστάθη φωτισμένον
εἰς τὴν σοφίαν, δύναμιν, εἰς π' ὅλα ζαπουσμένον.
πῶς νῦν ἐκαταστήσατε τὴν φωτινὴν Ελλάδα
βαζα! ὡς ἕνα σκέλεθρον, ὡς σκοτεινὴν λαμπάδαν.
Ὁμίλει, φίλτατε Γραικέ, εἰπέ μας τὴν αἰτίαν:
μὴ κρύπτῃς τίποτης ἡμῶν, λύε τὴν ἀπορίαν.

Ὁ ΦΙΛΕΛΛΗΝΟΣ.

Ῥωσσ-αγκλο-γάλλοι, Ἕλλὰς, καὶ ὄχι ἄλλοι,
ἦτον, ὡς λέτε, τόσον μεγάλη,
νῦν δὲ ἄθλία, καὶ ἀναξία
ἀφ' φοὺ ἄρχισεν ἡ ἀμαθία.
οστ' ἠμποροῦσαν νὰ τὴν ξυπνησή
τοῦτ' εἰς τὸ χεῖραν τὴν ὀδηγοῦσι
αὐτὴ στενάζει τὰ τέκνα κράζει,
στό νὰ προκόπτουν ὅλα προστάζει
καὶ τότε ἐλπίζει ὅτι κερδίζει.
εὑρεῖν, ὁπού' χει νῦν τὴν φλογίζει.
Μά· ὅστις τολμήσῃ νὰ τὴν ξυπνήσῃ
πάγει στὸν ἅδην χωρίς τινα κρίσιν.

The above is the commencement of a long dramatic satire on the Greek priesthood, princes, and gentry; it is contemptible as a composition, but perhaps curious as a specimen of their rhyme. I have the whole in MS., but this extract will be found sufficient. The Romaic in this composition is so easy as to render a version an insult to a scholar; but those who do not understand the original will excuse the following bad translation of what is in itself indifferent.

TRANSLATION.

A Russian, Englishman, and Frenchman, making the tour o Greece, and observing the miserable state of the country, interrogate, in turn, a Greek Patriot, to learn the cause; afterwards an Archbishop, then a Vlackbey[1], a Merchant, and Cogia Bachi or Primate.

Thou friend of thy country! to strangers record,
Why bear ye the yoke of the Ottoman Lord?
Why bear ye these fetters thus tamely display'd,
The wrongs of the matron, the stripling, and maid?
The descendants of Hellas's race are not ye!
The patriot sons of the sage and the free,
Thus sprung from the blood of the noble and brave,
To vilely exist as the Mussulman slave!
Not such were the fathers your annals can boast,
Who conquer'd and died for the freedom you lost!
Not such was your land in her earlier hour,
The daystar of nations in wisdom and power!
And still will you thus unresisting increase,
Oh shameful dishonour! the darkness of Greece?
Then tell us, beloved Achæan! reveal
The cause of the woes which you cannot conceal.

The reply of the Philellenist I have not translated, as it is no better than the question of the travelling triumvirate; and the above will sufficiently show with what kind of composition the Greeks are now satisfied. I trust I have not much injured the original in the few lines given as faithfully, and as near the "Oh, Miss Bailey! unfortunate Miss Bailey!" measure of the Romaic, as I could make them. Almost all their pieces, above a song, which aspire to the name of poetry, contain exactly the quantity of feet of

"A captain bold of Halifax, who lived in country quarters,"

which is in fact the present heroic couplet of the Romaic.

1 Vlackbey, Prince of Wallachia.

SCENE FROM Ὁ ΚΑΦΕΝΕΣ.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GOLDONI, BY SPIRIDION VLANTI.

ΣΚΗΝΗ ΚΓ'.

ΠΛΑΤΖΙΔΑ εἰς τὴν πόρταν τοῦ χανιοῦ, καὶ οἱ ἄνωθεν.

ΠΛΑ. Ω Θεέ! ἀπὸ τὸ παραθύρι μοῦ ἔφάνη νὰ ἀκούσω τὴν φωνὴν τοῦ ἀνδρός μου· ἂν αὐτὸς εἶναι ἐδῶ, ἔφθασα σὲ καιρὸν νὰ τὸν ξεντροπιάσω. [Εὐγαίνει ἕνας δουλος ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι.] Παλικάρι, πές μου σὲ παρακαλῶ ποιὸς εἶναι ἐκεῖ εἰς ἐκείνους τοὺς ὀντάδες;

ΔΟΥΛ. Τρεῖς χρήσιμοι ἄνδρες. Ἕνας ὁ κὺρ Εὐγένιος, ὁ ἄλλος ὁ κὺρ Μάρτιος Νεαπολιτάνος, καὶ ο τρίτος ὁ Κύρ Κόντε Λεάνδρος Ἀρδέντης.

ΠΛΑ. (Ἀνάμεσα εις αὐτοὺς δὲν εἶναι ὁ Φλαμίνιος, ἂν ὅμως δὲν ἄλλαξεν ὄνομα.)

ΛΕΑ. Νὰ ζῇ ἡ καλὴ τύχη τοῦ κύρ Εὐγενίου. [Πίνωντας.]

ΟΛΟΙ. Νὰ ζῇ, νὰ ζῇ.

ΠΛΑ. (Αὐτὸς εἶναι ὁ ἄνδρας μοῦ χωρὶς ἄλλο.) Καλὲ ἄνθρωπε, κάμε μοῦ τὴν χαρὶν νὰ μὲ συντροφεύσης ἀπάνω εἰς αὐτοὺς τοὺς ἀφεντάδες, ὁποῦ θέλω νὰ τοὺς παίξω μίαν. [Πρὸς τὸν δοῦλον.]

ΔΟΥ. Ὁρισμός σας· (συνηθισμένον ὀφφίκιον τῶν δουλευτῶν.) [Τὴν ἐμπάζει ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι τοῦ παιγνιδιοῦ.]

ΡΙΔ. Καρδιὰ, καρδιὰ, κάμετε καλὴν καρδιὰν, δὲν εἶναι τίποτες. [Πρὸς τὴν Βιττόριαν.]

ΒΙΤ. Ἐγὼ αἰσθάνομαι πῶς ἀπεθαίνω [Συνέρχεται εἰς τὸν ἑαυτόν της.]

[Ἀπὸ τὰ παράθυρα τῶν ὀντάδων φαίνονται ὅλοι, ὁποῦ σκηνόνωνται ἀπὸ τὸ τραπέζι συγχισμένοι, διὰ τὸν ξαφνισμὸν τοῦ Λεάνδρου βλέπωντας τὴν Πλάτζιδα, καὶ διατὶ αὐτὸς δείχνει πῶς θέλει νὰ τὴν φανεύσῃ.]

ΕΥΓ. Ὄχι, στάθητε.

ΜΑΡ. Μὴν κάμνετε. . .

ΛΕΑ. Σίκω, φυγὲ ἀπ' ἐδώ.

ΠΛΑ. Βοήθεια, βοήθεια. [Φεύγει ἀπὸ τὴν σκάλαν, ὁ Λέανδρος Θέλει νὰ τὴν ἀκολουθήσῃ μὲ τό σπαθί, καὶ ὁ Εὐγ. τὸν βαστᾶ.]

ΤΡΑ. [Μὲ ἕνα ἰάτο μὲ φαγὶ εἰς μίαν πετζέτα πηδᾷ ἀπὸ τὸ παραθύρι, καὶ φεύγει εἰς τὸν καφενέ.]

ΠΛΑ. [Εὐγαίνει ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρί του παιγνιδίου τρέχοντας, καὶ φεύγει εἰς τὸ χάνι.]

ΕΥΓ. [Μὲ ἅρματα εἰς τὸ χέρι πρὸς διαφέντευσιν τῆ Πλάτζιδας, ἐναντίον τοῦ Λεάνδρου, ὁπῶ τὴν κατατρέχει.]

ΜΑΡ. [Εὐγαίνει καὶ αὐτὸς σιγὰ σιγὰ ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι καὶ φεύγει λέγωντας.] Rumores fuge. [Ῥουμόρες φεύγε.]

Οἱ Δοῦλοι. [Ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι ἀπερνοῦν εἰς τὸ χάνι, κα κλειούν τὴν πορτάν.]

ΒΙΤ. [Μένει εἰς τὸν καφενέ βοηθημένη ἀπὸ τὸν Ῥιδόλφον.]

ΛΕΑ. Δόσετε τόπον· Θέλω νὰ ἔμβω νὰ ἔμβω εἰς ἐκεῖνο τ χάνι. [Μὲ τὸ σπαθὶ εἰς τὸ χέρι ἐναντίον τοῦ Εὐγενίου.]

ΕΥΓ. Ὄχι, μὴ γένοιτο ποτέ· εἶσαι ἕνας σληρόκαρδος ἐναν τίον τῆς γυναικός σου, καὶ ἐγὼ Θέλει τήν διαφεντεύσω ὡς εἰ τὸ ὕστερον αἷμα.

ΛΕΑ. Σοῦ κάμνω ὅρκον πῶς Θέλει τὸ μετανοιώσῃς. [Κινηγ τὸν Εὐγένιον μὲ τὸ σπαθί.]

ΕΥΓ. Δὲν σὲ φοβοῦμαι. [Κατατρέχει τὸν Λέανδρον, κα τὸν βιάζει νὰ συρθῇ ὀπίσω τόσον, ὁποῦ εὑρισκωντας ἀνοικτὸν τ σπῆτι τῆς χορεύτριας, ἐμβαίνει εἰς αὐτὸ, καὶ σώνεται.]

TRANSLATION.

Platzida, from the Door of the Hotel, and the others.

Pla. Oh God! from the window it seemed that I heard m husband's voice. If he is here, I have arrived in time to mak

1 *Λόγος λατινικὸς, ὁποῦ Θέλει νὰ εἰπῇ φεύγε ταῖς σύγχισις.*

him ashamed. [*A servant enters from the Shop.*] Boy, tell m
pray, who are in those chambers?

Serv. Three gentlemen: one, Signor Eugenio; the oth
Signor Martio, the Neapolitan; and the third, my Lord, t
Count Leander Ardenti.

Pla. Flaminio is not amongst these, unless he has changed
name.

Leander. [*Within drinking.*] Long live the good fortune
Signor Eugenio.

[*The whole company,* Long live, &c.] (Literally, Νὰ ζῇ,
ζῇ, May he live.)

Pla. Without doubt that is my husband. [*To the Serv.*]
good man, do me the favour to accompany me above to th
gentlemen: I have some business.

Serv. At your commands. [*Aside.*] The old office of
waiters. [*He goes out of the Gaming-House.*]

Ridolpho. [*To* Victoria *on another part of the Stag*
Courage, courage, be of good cheer, it is nothing.

Victoria. I feel as if about to die. [*Leaning on him a*
ainting.]

[*From the windows above all within are seen rising fr*
table in confusion: Leander *starts at the sight of* Platzi
and appears by his gestures to threaten her life.]

Eugenio. No, stop——

Martio. Don't attempt——

Leander. Away, fly from hence!

Pla. Help! help! [*Flies down the stairs,* Leander *attempting*
follow with his sword, Eugenio *hinders him.*]

[Trapolo, *with a plate of meat, leaps over the balcony from*
window, and runs into the Coffee-House.]

[Platzida *runs out of the Gaming-House, and takes shelter*
the Hotel.]

[Martio *steals softly out of the Gaming-House, and goes*
exclaiming "Rumores fuge." *The Servants from the Gami*
House enter the Hotel, and shut the door.]

[Victoria *remains in the Coffee-House assisted by* Ridolpho.

[Leander, *sword in hand, opposite* Eugenio, *exclaims,* G
way — I will enter that Hotel.]

Eugenio. No, that shall never be. You are a scoundrel to your wife, and I will defend her to the last drop of my blood.

Leander. I will give you cause to repent this. [*Menacing with his sword.*]

Eugenio. I fear you not. [*He attacks* Leander, *and makes him give back so much, that, finding the door of the dancing girl's house open,* Leander *escapes through, and so finishes.*] [1]

ΔΙΑΛΟΓΟΙ ΟΙΚΙΑΚΟΙ'. FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.

Διὰ νὰ ζητήσῃς ἕνα πρᾶγμα.	*To ask for any thing.*
Σᾶς παρακαλῶ, δόσετέ με ἂν ὁρίζετε.	I pray you, give me if you please.
Φέρετέ με.	Bring me.
Δανείσετέ με.	Lend me.
Πηγαίνετε νὰ ζητήσετε.	Go to seek.
Τώρα εὐθὺς.	Now directly.
Ὦ ἀκριζέ μου Κύριε, κάμετέ με αὐτὴν τὴν χάριν.	My dear Sir, do me this favour.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς παρακαλῶ.	I entreat you.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς ἐξορκίζω.	I conjure you.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς τὸ ζητῶ διὰ χάριν.	I ask it of you as a favour.
Ὑποχρεώσετέ με εἰς τόσον.	Oblige me so much.

[1] Σώνεται — "finishes"— awkwardly enough, but it is the literal translation of the Romaic. The original of this comedy of Goldoni's I never read, but it does not appear one of his best. "Il Bugiardo" is one of the most lively; but I do not think it has been translated into Romaic: it is much more amusing than our own "Liar," by Foote. The character of Lelio is better drawn than Young Wilding. Goldoni's comedies amount to fifty; some perhaps the best in Europe, and others the worst. His life is also one of the best specimens of autobiography, and, as Gibbon has observed, "more dramatic than any of his plays." The above scene was selected as containing some of the most familiar Romaic idioms; not for any wit which it displays, since there is more done than said, the greater part consisting of stage directions. The original is one of the few comedies by Goldoni which is without the buffoonery of the speaking Harlequin.

Λόγια ἐρωτικὰ, ἢ ἀγάπης.	*Affectionate expressions.*
Ζωή μου.	My life.
Ἀκριβό μου ψυχή.	My dear soul.
Ἀγαπητέ μου, ἀκριβέ μου.	My dear.
Καρδίτζα μου.	My heart.
Ἀγάπη μου.	My love.
Διὰ νὰ εὐχαριστήσῃς, νὰ κάμῃς περιποίησες, καὶ φιλικαῖς δεξίωσες.	*To thank, pay compliments, and testify regards.*
Ἐγὼ σᾶς εὐχαριστῶ.	I thank you.
Σᾶς γνωρίζω χάριν.	I return you thanks.
Σᾶς εἶμαι ὑπόχρεος κατὰ πολλά.	I am much obliged to you.
Ἐγὼ θέλω τὸ κάμει μετὰ χαρᾶς.	I will do it with pleasure.
Μὲ ὅλην μου τὴν καρδίαν.	With all my heart.
Μὲ καλήν μου καρδίαν.	Most cordially.
Σᾶς εἶμαι ὑπόχρεος.	I am obliged to you.
Εἶμαι ὅλος ἐδικός σας.	I am wholly yours.
Εἶμαι δοῦλος σας.	I am your servant.
Ταπεινότατος δοῦλος.	Your most humble servant.
Εἶστε κατὰ πολλὰ εὐγενικός.	You are too obliging.
Πολλὰ πειράζεσθε.	You take too much trouble.
Τὸ ἔχω διὰ χαράν μου νὰ τὰς δουλεύσω.	I have a pleasure in serving you.
Εἶστε εὐγενικὸς καὶ εὐπροσήγορος.	You are obliging and kind.
Αὐτὸ εἶναι πρέπον.	That is right.
Τί θέλετε;	What is your pleasure?
Τί ὁρίζετε;	What are your commands?
Σᾶς παρακαλῶ νὰ μὲ μεταχειρίζεσθε ἐλεύθερα.	I beg you will treat me freely.
Χωρὶς περιποίησες.	Without ceremony.

Σᾶς ἀγαπῶ ἐξ ὅλης μου καρδίας.	I love you with all my heart.
Καὶ ἐγὼ ὁμοίως.	And I the same.
Τιμήσετε μὲ ταῖς προσαγαῖς σας.	Honour me with your commands.
Ἔχετε τίποτες νὰ μὲ προστάξετε ;	Have you any commands for me ?
Προστάξετε τὸν δοῦλον σας.	Command your servant.
Προσμένω τὰς προσαγὰς σας.	I wait your commands.
Μὲ κάμνετε μεγάλην τιμῆν.	You do me great honour.
Φθάνουν ἡ περιποίησες σᾶς παρακαλῶ.	Not so much ceremony, I beg.
Προσκυνήσετε ἐκμέρους μου τὸν ἄρχοντα, ἢ τὸν κύριον.	Present my respects to the gentleman, or his lordship.
Βεβαιώσετέ τον πῶς τὸν ἐνθυμοῦμαι.	Assure him of my remembrance.
Βεβαιώσετε τὸν πῶς τὸν ἀγαπῶ.	Assure him of my friendship.
Δὲν θέλω λείψει νὰ τοῦ τὸ εἰπῶ.	I will not fail to tell him of it.
Προσκυνήματα εἰς τὴν ἀρχόντισσαν.	My compliments to her ladyship.
Πηγαίνετε ἐμπροσθὰ καὶ σᾶς ἀκολουθῶ.	Go before, and I will follow you.
Ἠξεύρω καλὰ τὸ χρέος μου.	I well know my duty.
Ἠξεύρω τὸ εἶναι μου.	I know my situation.
Μὲ κάμνετε νά ἐντρέπωμαι μὲ ταῖς τόσαις φιλοφροσύναις σας.	You confound me with so much civility.
Θέλετε λοιπὸν νὰ κάμω μίαν ἀρχειότητα ;	Would you have me then be guilty of an incivility ?
Ὑπάγω ἐμπροσθὰ διὰ νὰ σᾶς ὑπακούσω.	I go before to obey you.
Διὰ νὰ κάμω τὴν προσταγήν σας.	To comply with your command.

Δὲν ἀγαπῶ τόσαις περιποίησες.	I do not like so much ceremony.
Δὲν εἶμαι στελείως περιποιητικός.	I am not at all ceremonious.
Αὐτὸ εἶναι τὸ καλίτερον.	This is better.
Τόσον τὸ καλίτερον.	So much the better.
Ἔχετε λόγον, ἔχετε δίκαιον.	You are in the right.
Διὰ νὰ βεβαιώσῃς, νὰ ἀρνηθῇς, νὰ συγκατανευσῇς, καὶ τ᾽ ἑξ.	*To affirm, deny, consent, &c.*
Εἶναι ἀληθινὸν, εἶναι ἀληθέστατον.	It is true, it is very true.
Διὰ νὰ σᾶς εἴπω τὴν ἀλήθειαν.	To tell you the truth.
Οὕτως, ἔτζη εἶναι.	Really, it is so.
Ποῖος ἀμφιβάλλει;	Who doubts it?
Δὲν εἶναι ποσῶς ἀμφιβολία.	There is no doubt.
Τὸ πιστεύω, δὲν τὸ πιστεύω.	I believe it, I do not believe it.
Λέγω τὸ ναί.	I say yes.
Λέγω τὸ ὄχι.	I say no.
Βάλλω στίχημα ὅτι εἶναι.	I wager it is.
Βάλλω στίχημα ὅτι δὲν εἶναι ἔτζη.	I wager it is not so.
Ναὶ, μὰ τὴν πίστιν μου.	Yes, by my faith.
Εἰς τὴν συνείδησίν μου.	In conscience.
Μὰ τὴν ζωήν μου.	By my life.
Ναὶ, σᾶς ὀμνύω.	Yes, I swear it to you.
Σᾶς ὀμνύω ὡσὰν τιμημένος ἄνθρωπος.	I swear to you as an honest man.
Σᾶς ὀμνύω ἐπάνω εἰς τὴν τιμήν μου.	I swear to you on my honour.
Πιστεύσετε με.	Believe me.
Ἠμπορῶ νὰ σᾶς τὸ βεβαιώσω.	I can assure you of it.
Ἤθέλα βάλῃ στίχημα, ὅτι θέλετε διὰ τοῦτο.	I would lay what bet you please on this.
Μὴ τύχῃ καὶ ἀστειίζεσθε (χορατεύετε);	You jest by chance?

Ὁμίλειτε μὲ τὰ ὅλα σας ;	Do you speak seriously ?
Ἐγὼ σᾶς ὁμιλῶ με τὰ ὅλα μου, καὶ σᾶς λέγω τὴν ἀλήθειαν.	I speak seriously to yo and tell you the truth.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς τὸ βεβαιώνω.	I assure you of it.
Τὸ ἐπροφητεύσετε.	You have guessed it.
Τὸ ἐπιτεύχετε.	You have hit upon it.
Σᾶς πιστεύω.	I believe you.
Πρέπει νὰ σᾶς πιστεύσω.	I must believe you.
Αὐτὸ δὲν εἶναι ἀδύνατον.	This is not impossible.
Τὸ λοιπὸν ἂς εἶναι με καλὴν ὥραν.	Then it is very well.
Καλὰ, καλά.	Well, well,
Δὲν εἶναι ἀληθινόν.	It is not true.
Εἶναι ψευδές.	It is false.
Δὲν εἶναι τίποτες ἀπὸ αὐτό.	There is nothing of this.
Εἶναι ἕνα ψεῦδος, μία ἀπάτη.	It is a falsehood, an impos ture.
Ἐγὼ ἀστείζομουν (ἠχοράτευα	I was in joke.
Ἐγὼ τὸ εἶπα διὰ νὰ γελάσω.	I said it to laugh.
Τῇ ἀληθείᾳ.	Indeed.
Μὲ ἀρέσει κατὰ πολλά.	It pleases me much.
Συγκατανεύω εἰς τοῦτο.	I agree with you.
Δίδω τὴν ψῆφον μου.	I give my assent.
Δὲν ἀντιστέκομαι εἰς τοῦτο.	I do not oppose this.
Εἶμαι σύμφωνος, ἐκ συμφάνου.	I agree.
Ἐγὼ δὲν θέλω.	I will not.
Ἐγὼ ἐναντιώνομαι εἰς τοῦτο.	I object to this.
Διὰ νὰ συμβουλευθῆς, νὰ στοχασθῆς, ἢ νὰ ἀποφασίσης.	*To consult, consider, o resolve.*
Τί πρέπει νὰ κάμωμεν ;	What ought we to do ?
Τί θὰ κάμωμεν ;	What shall we do ?
Τί μὲ συμβουλεύετε νὰ κάμω ;	What do you advise me t do ?
Ὁποῖον τρόπον θέλομεν μεταχειρισθῆ ἡμεῖς ;	What part shall we take

Ἂς πάμωμεν ἔτζι.	Let us do this.
Εἶναι καλίτερον ἐγὼ νὰ——	It is better that I——
Στάθητι ὀλίγον.	Wait a little.
Δὲν ἤθελεν εἶναι καλίτερον νὰ——	Would it not be better that——
Ἐγὼ ἀγαποῦτα καλίτερα.	I wish it were better.
Θέλετε κάμει καλίτερα ἂν——	You will do better if——
Ἀφόσετέ με.	Let me go.
Ἂν ἤμουν εἰς τὸν τόπον σας ἐγὼ——	If I were in your place I——
Εἶναι τὸ ἴδιον.	It is the same.

The reader by the specimens below will be enabled to compare the modern with the ancient tongue.

PARALLEL PASSAGES FROM ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL.

Νέον.

Κεφάλ. ά.

1. Εἰ'Σ τὴν ἀρχὴν ἦτον ὁ λόγος· καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦτον μετὰ Θεοῦ· καὶ Θεὸς ἦτον ὁ λόγος.

2. Ἐτοῦτος ἦτον εἰς τὴν ἀρχὴν μετὰ Θεοῦ.

3. Ὅλα [τὰ πράγματα] διὰ μέσου τοῦ [λόγου] ἐγίναν, καὶ χωρὶς αὐτὸν δὲν ἔγινε κανένα εἴτι ἔγινε.

4. Εἰς αὐτὸν ἦτον ζωὴ· καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦτον τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων.

5. Καὶ τὸ φῶς εἰς τὴν σκοτείαν φίγγει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία δὲν τὸ κατάλαβε.

Αὐθεντικόν.

Κεφάλ. ά.

1. Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος, καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν Θεόν, καὶ Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος.

2. Οὗτος ἦν ἐν ἀρχῇ πρὸς τὸν Θεόν.

3. Πάντα δι αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο· καὶ χωρὶς αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο οὐδὲ ἕν, ὃ γέγονεν.

4. Ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων.

5. Καὶ τὸ φῶς ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν.

6. Ἔγινεν ἴνας ἄνθρωπος ἀπεσταλμένος ἀπὸ τὸν Θεὸν, τὸ ὄνομά τοῦ Ἰωάννης.

6. Ἐγένετο ἄνθρωπος ἀπεσταλμένος παρὰ Θεοῦ, ὄνομα αὐτῷ Ἰωάννης.

THE INSCRIPTIONS AT ORCHOMENUS FROM MELETIUS.

ΟRCHOMENO`Σ, κοινῶς Σκριποῦ, Πόλις ποτὲ πλουσιωτάτη καὶ ἰσχυροτάτη, πρότερον καλουμένη Βοιωτικαὶ Ἀθῆναι, εἰς τὴν ὁποίαν ἦτον ὁ Ναὸς τῶν Χαρίτων, εἰς τὸν ὁποῖον ἐπλήρωνον τέλη οἱ Θηβαῖοι, οὗτινος τὸ ἔδαφος ἀνεσκάφθη ποτὲ ὑπὸ τῶν Ἀσπαλάγκων. Ἐπανηγύριζον εἰς αὐτὴν τὴν Πόλιν τὰ Χαριτήσια, τοῦ ὁποίου Ἀγῶνος εὗρον ἐπιγραφὰς ἐν στήλαις ἔνδον τοῦ κτισθέντος Ναοῦ ἐπ' ὀνόματι τῆς Θεοτόκου, ὑπὸ τοῦ Πρωτοσπαθαρίου Λέοντος, ἐπὶ τῶν Βασιλέων Βασιλείου, Λέοντος, καὶ Κωνσταντίνου, ἐχούσας οὕτως. Ἐν μὲν τῇ μιᾷ κοινῶς.

" Οἵδε ἐνίκων τὸν ἀγῶνα τῶν χαριτησίων.
" Σαλπιστής.
" Μῆνις Ἀπολλωνίου Ἀντιοχεὺς ἀπὸ Μαιάνδρου.
" Κήρυξ.
" Ζωΐλος Ζωΐλου Πάφιος.
" Ῥαψῳδός.
" Νουμήνιος Νουμηνίου Ἀθηναῖος.
" Ποιητὴς ἐπῶν.
" Ἀμυνίας Δημοκλείους Θηβαῖος.
" Αὐλητής.
" Ἀπολλόδοτος Ἀπολλοδότου Κρής.
" Αὐλῳδός.
" Ῥόδιππος Ῥοδίππου Ἀργῖος.
" Κιθαριστής.
" Φανίας Ἀπολλοδότου τοῦ Φανίου Αἰολεὺς ἀπὸ Κύμης.
" Κιθαρῳδός.

" Δημήτριος Παρμενίσκου Καλχηδόνιος.
" Τραγῳδός.
" Ἱπποκράτης Ἀριστομένους Ῥόδιος.
" Κωμῳδός.
" Καλλίστρατος Ἐξακέστου Θηβαῖος.
" Ποιητὴς Σατύρων.
" Ἀμπνίας Δημοκλέους Θηβαῖος.
" Ὑποκριτής.
" Δωρόθεος Δωροθέου Ταραντινός.
" Ποιητὴς Τραγῳδιῶν.
" Σοφοκλῆς Σοφοκλέους Ἀθηναῖος.
" Ὑποκριτής.
" Καλλίριχος Θεοδώρου Θηβαῖος.
" Ποιητὴς Κωμῳδιῶν.
" Ἀλέξανδρος Ἀρίστωνος Ἀθηναῖος.
" Ὑποκριτής.
" Ἄτταλος Ἀττάλου Ἀθηναῖος.

" Οἵδε ἐνίκων τὸν νήμιτον ἀγῶνα τῶν ὁμοδ
" Παῖδας αὐλητάς.
" Διοκλῆς Καλλιμήδου Θηβαῖος.
" Παῖδας ἡγεμόνας.
" Στρατῖνος Εὐνίκου Θηβαῖος.
" Ἄνδρας αὐλητάς.
" Διοκλῆς Καλλιμήδου Θηβαῖος.
" Ἄνδρας ἡγεμόνας.
" Ῥόδιππος Ῥοδίππου Ἀργεῖος.
" Τραγῳδός.
" Ἱπποκράτης Ἀριστομένους Ῥόδιος.
" Κωμῳδός.
" Καλλίστρατος Ἐξακέστου Θηβαῖος.

" Τὰ ἐπινίκια.

" Κωμῳδιῶν Ποιητής.
" Ἀλέξανδρος Ἀριστίωνος Ἀθηναῖος."

" Ἐν δὲ τῇ ἑτερᾷ δωρικῶς.

" Μνασίνω ἄρχοντος ἀγωνοθετίοντος τὸν
" Χαριτείσιον, εὐαριόστω πάντων οἳ τυίδε ἐνικώσαν τὰ
" χαριτείτια.

" Σαλπιγκτάς.
" Φίλινος Φιλίνω Ἀθάνειος.
" Κάρυξ.
" Εἰρώδας Σωκράτιος Θεί̃ξειος.
" Ποειτάς.
" Μήστωρ Μήστορος Φωκαιεύς.
" Ῥαψῳδάς.
" Κράτων Κλίωνος Θεί̃ξειος.
" Αὐλειτάς.
" Περιγενεὶς Ἡρακλείδαο Κουζικηνός.
" Αὐλαιῳδός.
" Δαμητέτος Γλαύκω Ἄργιος.
" Κιθαριστάς.
" Δάματρος Ἀμαλώω Αἰολεὺς ἀπὸ Μουρίνας.
" Τραγαιῳδός.
" Ἀσκλαπιόδωρος Πουθεάο Ταραντινός.
" Κωμαιῳδός.
" Νικόστρατος Φιλοστράτω Θεί̃ξειος.
" Τὰ ἐπινίκεια Κωμαιῳδός.
" Εὔαρχος Ἡροδότω Κορωνεύς."

Ἐν ἄλλῳ Λίθῳ.

' Μύριχος Πολυκράτους Ἰαρώνυμος διογίτωνος ἄνδρεσσι χορα-
' γείσαντες νικάσαντες διονύσου ἀνέθηκαν τίμωνος ἄρχοντος
' αὐλίοντος κλέος ἄδοντος ἀλκισθένιος."

Ἐν ἑτέρῳ Λίθῳ.

' Ξυνάρχω ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς Θειλουθίω, ἀρχι ..... ως Εὔ-
' ζωλι ἀρχεδάμω φωκεῖα ..... ος ἀπέδωκα ἀπὸ τὰς συγ-
' γραφῶ πέδα τῶν πολεμάρχων, κὴ τῶν κατοπτάων, ἀνελόμενος

" τὰς συγγραφὰς τὰς κιμένας παρ εὐφρόνα, καὶ φιδίαν κ
" πασικλεῖν ..... καὶ τιμόμειδον φωκείας, καὶ δαμοτελεῖν
" λυσιδάμα, καὶ δίσπυσον καφισοδώω χηραγεῖα κατ τὸ ψάφι-
" σμα τῶ δάμῳ.

ΜΟΥΛΕΤΟΙΟ

" Θυνάρχω ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς ἀλαλκομενίω F ἀρνᾶν πολύκλειος
" τεμμίας ἀπέδωκε εὔζωλυ ἀρχεδάμω φωκεῖϊ ἀπὸ τᾶς συγ-
" γραφῶ τὸ καταλύπον κατ τὸ ψάφισμα τῶ δάμω, ἀνελό-
" μενος τὰς συγγραφὰς τὰς κίμενας παρ σώφιλον, καὶ εὖ-
" φρονα φωκέας. Καὶ παρ διωνύσιον καφισοδώρω χηραγέα,
" καὶ λυσίδαμον δαμοτέλιος πέδα τῶν πολεμάρχων, καὶ τῶν
" κατοπτάων.

ΣΠΕΥΣΕΔΟΙΙΙΟΗ

" Ἄρχοντος ἐν ἐρχομενῷ Θυνάρχω, μεινὸς Ἀλαλκομενίω, ἐν δὲ
" F ἐλατίη Μενοίτεω Ἀρχελάω μεινὸς πράτω. Ὁμολογᾶ Εὔ-
" ζωλυ F ἐλατίη, ὁ καὶ τᾷ πόλι ἐρχομενίων. Ἐπειδὴ κεκομίστη
" Εὔζωλος παρ τᾶς πόλιος τὸ δάνειον ἅπαν κατ τὰς ὁμολογίας
" τὰς τεθίσας Θυνάρχω ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς Θειλουθίω, καὶ οὐτ
" ὀφειλέτη αὐτῶ ἔτι οὐθὲν παρ τὰν πόλιν, ἀλλ' ἀπέχει πάντα
" περὶ παντὸς, καὶ ἀποδεδόανθι τᾷ πόλι τὸ ἔχοντες τὰς ὁμολο-
" γίας, εἰ μὲν ποτὶ δεδομένου χρόνου Εὔζωλυ ἐπὶ νομίας F
" ἔτι ἀπέττορα βούεσσι σὺν ἵππυς δια κατίης Fι κατι προ-
" ζάτυς σὺν ἤγυς χειλίης ἀρχὶ τῶ χρόνω ὁ ἐνιαυτὸς ὁ μετὰ
" Θύναρχον ἄρχοντα ἐρχομενίυς ἀπογραφέσθη δὲ Εὔζωλο
" κατ' ἐνιαυτὸν ἕκαστον παρ τὸν ταμίαν καὶ τὸν νόμων ἂν τάτι
" καῦματα τῶν προζάτων, καὶ τῶν ἠγῶν, καὶ τῶν βουῶν, καὶ τῶ
" ἵππων, καὶ κάτινα ἀσαμαίων δίκη τὸ πλεῖθος μεὶ ἀπογρά-
" φεσο ὧδε πλίονα τῶν γεγραμμένων ἐν τᾷ συγχωρείσι η δί-
" κατις ..... η τὸ ἐνγόμιον Εὔζωλον ὀφείλει ..... λι
" τῶν ἐρχομενίων ἀργουρίω ..... τετταράκοντα Εὔζωλι
" καθ' ἕκαστον ἐνιαυτὸν, καὶ τόκον φερέτω δραχμὰς .....
" τας μνᾶς ἑκάστας κατὰ μεῖνα ..... τον καὶ ἐμπραντο
" ἔστω τὸν ἐρχομένιον ..... καὶ τὰ ἠξῆς."

Ἐν ἄλλοις Λίθοις.

"Ἀγοδώρα σύνφορον χαῖρε." ΝΟΚΤΕΣ. "Καλλίπιτον ἀμφάριχος καὶ ἄλλαι." Ἐν οὐδεμίᾳ Ἐπιγραφῇ ἴδον τόνον, ἢ πνεῦμα, ἃ δὲ ἡμεῖς ὑπογράφομεν, οἱ παλαιοὶ προσέγραφον. Καὶ τὰ ἑξῆς."

The following is the Prospectus of a translation of Anacharsis into Romaic, by my Romaic master, Marmarotouri, who wished to publish it in England.

ΕΙΔΗ΄ΣΙΣ ΤΥΠΟΓΡΑΦΙΚΗ`.

Πρὸς τοὺς ἐν φιλογενεῖς καὶ φιλέλληνας.

"ΟΣΟΙ εἰς βιβλία παντοδαπὰ ἐντρυφῶσιν, ἠξεύρουν πόσον εἶνα τὸ χρήσιμον τῆς Ἱστορίας, δι' αὐτῆς γὰρ ἐξευρίσκεται ἡ πλέοι μεμακρυσμένη παλαιότης, καὶ Θεωροῦνται ὡς ἐν κατόπτρα ἤθη, πράξεις καὶ διοικήσεις πολλῶν καὶ διαφόρων Ἐθνῶν καὶ Γενῶν ὧν τὴν μνήμην διεσώσατο καὶ διασώσει ἡ Ἱστορικὴ Διήγησις εἰς αἰῶνα τὸν ἅπαντα.

Μία τετοια Ἐπιστήμη εἶναι εὐαπόκτητος, καὶ ἐν ταυτᾷ ὠφέλιμη, ἢ κρεῖττον εἰπεῖν ἀναγκαία. διατὶ λοιπὸν ἡμεῖς μόνο νὰ τὴν ὑστερούμεθα, μὴ ἠξεύροντες οὔτε τὰς ἀρχὰς τῶν Προγόνων μας, πόθεν πότε καὶ πῶς εὑρέθησαν εἰς τὰς Πατρίδας μας, οὔτε τὰ ἤθη, τὰ κατορθώματα καὶ τὴν διοίκησίν των; Ἂν ἐρωτήσωμεν τοὺς Ἀλλογενεῖς, ἠξεύρουν νὰ μᾶς δώσουν ὄχιμόνον ἱστορικῶς τὴν ἀρχὴν καὶ τὴν πρόοδον τῶν προγόνων μας, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοπογραφικῶς μᾶς δείχνουν τὰς Θέσεις τῶν Πατρίδων μας, καὶ οἱονεὶ χειραγωγοὶ γινόμενοι μὲ τοὺς γεωγραφικούς τῶν Πίνακας, μᾶς λέγουν, ἐδὼ εἶναι αἱ Ἀθῆναι, ἐδὼ ἡ Σπάρτη, ἐκεῖ αἱ Θῆβαι, τόσα στάδια ἢ μίλια ἀπέχει ἡ μία Ἐπαρχία ἀπὸ τὴν ἄλλην. Τοῦτος ᾠκοδόμησε τὴν μίαν πόλιν, ἐκεῖνος τὴν ἄλλην καὶ τξ. Προσέτι ἂν ἐρωτήσωμεν αὐτοὺς τοὺς

μὴ Ἕλληνας χειραγωγούς μας, πόθεν ἐπαρακινήθησαν νὰ
ρευνήσουν ἀρχὰς τόσον παλαιὰς, ἀνυποστόλως μᾶς ἀποκ
ται μὲ αὐτοὺς τοὺς λόγους. "Καθὼς ὁ ἐκ Σκυθίας Ἀνάχα
"ἂν δὲν ἐπερρίχετο τὰ πανευφρόσυνα ἐκεῖνα Κλίματα
"Ἑλλάδος, ἂν δὲν ἐμφορεῖτο τὰ ἀξιώματα, τὰ ἤθη καὶ
"Νόμους τῶν Ἑλλήνων, ἤθελε μείνῃ Σκύθης καὶ τὸ ὄνομα
"τὸ πρᾶγμα· οὕτω καὶ ὁ ἡμέτερος Ἰατρὸς, ἂν δὲν ἐμά
"τὰ τοῦ Ἱπποκράτους, δὲν ἠδύνατο νὰ προχωρήσῃ εἰς
"τέχνην τοῦ. Ἂν ὁ ἐν ἡμῖν Νομοθέτης δὲν ἐξέταζε τὰ
"Σόλωνος, Λυκούργου, καὶ Πιττακοῦ, δὲν ἠδύνατο νὰ ῥυθ
"καὶ νὰ καλιεργήσῃ τὰ ἤθη τῶν Ὁμογενῶν του· ἂν ὁ Φ
"δὲν ἀπηνθίζετο τὰς εὐφραδείας καὶ τοὺς χαριεντισμοὺ
"Δημοσθένους, δὲν ἐνεργοῦσεν εἰς τὰς ψυχὰς τῶν ἀκρο
"του. Ἂν ὁ Νέος Ἀνάχαρσις, ὁ Κύριος Ἀββᾶς Βαρθολο
"δὲν ἀνεγίνωσκε μὲ μεγάλην ἐπιμονὴν καὶ σκέψιν τοὺς
"ἐγκρίτους συγγραφεῖς τῶν Ἑλλήνων, ἐξερευνῶν αὐτοὺς
"βάθος ἐπὶ τριακοντα δύω ἔτη, δὲν ἤθελεν ἐξυφάνῃ τ
"τὴν περὶ Ἑλλήνων Ἱστορίαν του, ἥτις Περιήγησις τοῦ
"Ἀναχάρσεως παρ' αὐτοῦ προσωνομάσθη, καὶ εἰς ὅλα
"Εὐρωπαϊκὰς Διαλέκτους μετεγλωττίσθη." Καὶ ἐν ἑνὶ
οἱ Νεώτεροι, ἂν δὲν ἔπερναν δία ὁδηγοὺς τοὺς Προγόνους
ἤθελαν ἴσως περιφέρωνται ματαίως μέχρι τοῦ νῦν. Αὐτ
εἶναι Λόγια ἐνθουσιασμένου διὰ τὸ φιλογενὲς Γραικοῦ, εἶ
φιλαλήθους Γερμανοῦ, ὅστις ἐμετάφρασε τὸν Νέον Ἀνάχ
ἀπὸ τοῦ Γαλλικοῦ εἰς τὸ Γερμανικόν.

Ἂν λοιπὸν καὶ ἡμεῖς θέλωμεν νὰ μαθέξωμεν τῆς γν
τῶν λαμπρῶν κατορθωμάτων ὁποῦ ἔκαμαν οἱ Θαυμ
ἐκεῖνοι Προπάτορες ἡμῶν, ἂν ἐπιθυμῶμεν νὰ μάθωμεν τὴν
δον καὶ αὔξησίν των εἰς τὰς Τέχνας καὶ Ἐπιστήμα
εἰς κάθε ἄλλο εἶδος μαθήσεως, ἂν ἔχωμεν περιέργειαν νὰ
σωμεν πόθεν καταγόμεθα, καὶ ὁποίους Θαυμαστοὺς κα
γάλους ἄνδρας, εἰ καὶ προγόνους ἡμῶν, φεῦ, ἡμεῖς δὲν γν
μεν, εἰς καιρὸν ὁποῦ οἱ Ἀλλογενεῖς Θαυμάζουσιν αὐτοὺ
ὡς πατέρας παντοιασοῦν μαθήσεως σέβονται, ἂς συνδρά

APPENDIX.

ἅπαντες προθύμως εἰς τὴν ἔκδοσιν τοῦ Θαυμασίου τ
συγγράμματος τοῦ Νέου Ἀναχάρσεως.

Ἡμεῖς οὖν οἱ ὑπογεγραμμένοι Θέλομεν ἐκτελέσει προθ
τὴν μετάφρασιν τοῦ Βιζλίου μὲ τὴν κατὰ τὸ δυνατὸν ἡμῖν
φράσιν τῆς νῦν καθ' ἡμᾶς ὁμιλίας, καὶ ἐκδόντες τοῦτο εἰς τ
Θέλομεν τὸ καλλωπίσει μὲ τοὺς Γεωγραφικοὺς Πίνακα
ἁπλᾶς Ῥωμαϊκὰς λέξεις ἐγκεχαραγμένους εἰς ἰδικ
γράμματα, προστιθέντες ὅτι ἄλλο χρήσιμον καὶ ἁρμόδι
τὴν Ἱστορίαν.

Ὅλον τὸ σύγγραμμα Θέλει γένει εἰς Τόμους δώδεκα
μίμησιν τῆς Ἰταλικῆς ἐκδόσεως. Ἡ τιμὴ ὅλου τοῦ Συγ
ματος εἶναι φιορίνια δεκαέξη τῆς Βιέννης διὰ τὴν προσ
τῶν γεωγραφικῶν πινάκων. Ὁ φιλογενὴς οὖν Συνδρο
πρέπει νὰ πληρώσῃ εἰς κάθε Τόμον φιορίνι ἕνα καὶ Καρα
εἴκοσι τῆς Βιέννης, καὶ τοῦτο χωρὶς καμμίαν πρόδοσιν,
εὐθὺς ὁποῦ Θέλει τῷ παραδοθῇ ὁ Τόμος τυπωμένος καὶ δε

Ἐῤῥωμένοι καὶ εὐδαίμονες διαζιώσιτε Ἑλλήνων Παῖδες.
Τῆς ὑμετέρας ἀγάπης ἐξηρτημένοι.

Ἰωάννες Μαρμαροτούρης.
Δημήτριος Βενιέρης.
Σπυρίδων Πρεζέτος.

Ἐν Τριεστίῳ, τῇ πρώτῃ Ὀκτωβρίου, 1799.

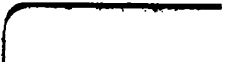
THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ROMAIC.

Ω ΠΑΤΕ΄ΡΑΜΑΣ ὁ ποῦ εἶσαι εἰς τοὺς οὐρανοὺς, ἂς ἁ
τὸ ὄνομά σου. Ἂς ἔλθῃ ἡ βασιλεία σου. Ἂς γένῃ τὸ Θ
σου, καθὼς εἰς τὸν οὐρανὸν, ἔτζι καὶ εἰς τὴν γῆν. Τὸ
μας τὸ καθημερινὸν, δός μας τὸ σήμερον. Καὶ συγ

φειλέτας μας. Καὶ μὴν μᾶς φέρεις πειρασμὸν, ἀλλὰ ἐλευθέρωσέ μας ἀπὸ τὸν πονηρόν. Ὅτι ἰδική σου εἶναι ἡ βασιλεία, καὶ ἡ δύναμις, καὶ ἡ δόξα, εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.

IN GREEK.

ΠΑΤΕΡ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς, ἁγιασθήτω τὸ ὄνομά σου. Ἐλθέτω ἡ βασιλεία σου· γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου, ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς. Τὸν ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον δὸς ἡμῖν σήμερον. Καὶ ἄφες ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν, ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφίεμεν τοῖς ὀφειλέταις ἡμῶν. Καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμὸν, ἀλλὰ ῥῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ. Ὅτι σοῦ ἐστὶν ἡ βασιλεία, καὶ ἡ δύναμις, καὶ ἡ δόξα εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.